

William Oliver
January
December 28/1861

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 12.—Vol. I.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

ONE PENNY.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE death of the Prince Consort still continues the topic of consideration, both in town and country. Never in our day has the death of any exalted person called forth so many and varied tributes of respect, nor since the death of Princess Charlotte has the national mourning been so general and heartfelt. The feeling of grief has pervaded all classes and conditions of life, as well as all orders of politicians, because it is believed, and with truth, that the influence of the deceased in Court and Council has always been exercised on behalf of what was good and useful, and to the advancement of the material and moral well-being of the people. On Monday the mortal remains of Prince Albert of Saxe-Gotha and husband of the greatest monarch upon earth were consigned to the tomb, in a comparatively quiet and unostentatious manner, yet with sufficient pomp and circumstance to indicate the high character and position of the deceased. Though the scene of the melancholy ceremony was at Windsor, yet the whole country

seems to have partaken in it, for everywhere the death bell was tolled, business was suspended, and special services in church and chapel were devoted to the occasion. The tokens of mourning were likewise all but universal, showing how much the death of the amiable and gifted Prince had moved the national heart. "Dust to dust," in the solemn and affecting language of our church liturgy has been consigned; due respect has been paid by the living to the remains of the dead; but the loss sustained will be felt in many coming years, and it will be a long time ere we cease to think of him who had done so much to elevate the characters and improve the tastes of his adopted countrymen. Peace be with his ashes!

The regular American mail of the Cunard line reached Queenstown on Saturday night, and Liverpool on Monday. It brings nothing definite on the great international question, though there is nothing of adverse character. It is believed that the matter will be amicably settled, as the Senate has not concurred in the vote given to Commander Wilkes by the House of Representatives. Besides the opinion of the French Government, just published,

condemnatory of the act of the American naval officer, was sent out to Washington only three days after the dispatch of our demand for satisfaction, so there is reasonable hope that its representations, couched in friendly and becoming language, arrived in time to be successful. Moreover, General Scott will, in all likelihood, reach Washington before President Lincoln has given his reply, which is a further reason why we may expect an amicable solution of the difficulty. Our readers may, therefore, spend their holidays with the full assurance that there will be no war. Besides, from the financial statement of Mr. Secretary Chase, which reached us by the same mail, it would appear as if the Washington Government had enough on its hands in subduing the rebellious states without undertaking an English war. Mr. Chase states that at the commencement of the year the estimate of expenditure was set down at \$318,519,561. The cost of the army and navy have, however, far exceeded the calculation, and he now tells Congress that the expenditure to the end of the financial year will exceed the estimate not less than \$213,904,427! The year does not end till July.



THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

and to keep pace with the outlay till then, two hundred millions of dollars, or forty millions sterling of our money, will have to be raised by loan to meet the deficiency and adjust income to expenditure. Partly to meet the difficulty, new taxes on stills, distilled liquors, tobacco, bank notes, carriages, legacies, with an income tax, are proposed, with the object of making up fifty millions of the deficiency, the rest to be met by the usual method of "raising the wind," when ordinary ones fail—borrowing. Should the war go on for the following year, Mr. Secretary Chase says that besides the usual means of taxation he will have to raise an additional sum of 379,980,920 dollars, by which time the American National Debt will have reached the respectable sum of 900 millions of dollars, or nearly the fourth of our own. A gloomy look-out, truly, for American industry and progress.

There is nothing of importance to hand respecting the war, though the town of Beaufort, near Port Royal, has been occupied by the Federal troops. The "stone" fleet has reached Tybee Island, near to Savannah. Anti-slavery notions, as applied to the war, appear to be gaining strength in Congress and the Northern States.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

The engraving on the front page represents a most affecting scene which, according to one of the daily newspapers, took place immediately prior to the decease of the late Prince Consort. It seems that as soon as the medical attendants had ascertained that his last closing scene was at hand, her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, and the other members of the Royal Family then at Windsor, entered the Chamber of Death, and then, in the most heart-rending manner, took a last farewell of him who had been their guide and comforter through life.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Temps* of Saturday asserts that a dispatch has arrived in London from Mr. Seward, replying to a communication from Earl Russell on the subject of neutral rights. "In this dispatch," says the *Temps*, "Mr. Seward assures Earl Russell that the Cabinet of Washington, faithful to its past policy, is ready to guarantee to neutrals every facility compatible with the rights of belligerents, and that satisfaction will be given by the Federal Government in case an infraction of the rule adopted in common should take place."

"This dispatch, although bearing a date anterior to that of the English ultimatum, was written after the arrest of the Confederate commissioners became known in America."

The French Senate have adopted, by a vote which was all but unanimous, the Senate-Consultum initiating the proposed changes in the mode of voting the budgets. It was not, however, carried without a sharp discussion, some senators taking advantage of the opportunity to open an attack upon the Emperor's foreign policy. One member assailed the manner in which the Emperor had backed up the "aggression" of Piedmont, and allowed the Pope to be "insulted;" and the same senator provoked a very animated interlude by denouncing Prince Napoleon's famous speech of last session. Prince Napoleon was present, but did not reply. M. Fould made an able speech in justification of the statements contained in his recent report, and maintained that the nation would now have every guarantee for an equilibrium of the finances, if it would only have the strength to respect the laws it had made.

A most important dispatch addressed by M. Thouvenel to the representative of France in Washington, and expressing, for the information of the Federal Cabinet, the views which the French Government entertains on the affair of the San Jacinto, has been published. The French Minister declares that his Government regards the act of Commander Wilkes as entirely unjustifiable, and strongly urges on the Federal Cabinet the dignity as well as the propriety of acceding at once to the demands of England. Nothing could be more friendly at once to England and to America than the tone of this dispatch, which M. Thouvenel declares, with every possible appearance of truth, to have been dictated solely by a desire to avert, if possible, a quarrel between two countries alike esteemed by France, and to prevent a claim from being set up by the United States, which France deems entirely hostile to the recognised principles of neutrality. The document bears date December 3rd, and if dispatched at once from Paris, as it unquestionably must have been, ought to have reached Washington before the Federal Government had decided upon its reply to Lord Lyons. We cannot doubt that the opinion thus frankly and decidedly pronounced by France would have the greatest influence over the Washington Cabinet.

ITALY.

THE ITALIAN PARTY OF ACTION.—The *Movimento* of Genoa publishes a letter addressed by Garibaldi to the committee of *Provedimento* (providing for the war with Austria) of Genoa:—"The final solution of the national question, the general says, is at hand. Notwithstanding the obstacles raised by the enemy, by false friends, and by the cowards who have stopped us, we must see the end of it. Let individual jealousies be silenced, and let history judge of our acts. Let us rally closer still around the standard of the Re Galante, let us meet together solemnly on the last battlefield by the side of our valiant army, which will find other companions also worthy of her. The fraternal co-operation of all is the pledge of victory." The letter concludes with an appeal to the committee of *Provedimento* to aid in the national work. The *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa, on the other hand, states that on the 15th the delegates from several committees of *Provedimento* held a sitting, which was also attended by many deputies of the extreme Left, at the Theatre Carlo Felice (Genoa), which had been conceded to them for the purpose by the municipality. The deputy Avezzani took the chair, and the question of transforming the meeting into a permanent assembly, according to Dr. Bottani's plan, was seriously mooted; but eventually the meeting broke up without coming to any decision on that point.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.—A letter from Naples in the *Debate* says:—Torre del Greco has been almost entirely destroyed, as fifty houses have been thrown down, and the others greatly damaged. General de la Marmora has placed La Favorita Palace and the Royal Casino of Portici at the disposal of the fugitives. Traffic on the railway has been stopped by order of the general, the steamer Amalfi makes four voyages per day from Naples to Castellammare to convey gratuitously the unfortunate inhabitants of Torre del Greco. The ancient Drago, a river which had disappeared, has burst out again, and swept down the fountain of the Dodi Canuoli, which has caused an inundation in the neighbourhood; the sea has fallen back more than three feet, and is in ebullition on the shore. The houses which line the high road are being propped up, and the Neapolitan masons, with extraordinary boldness, work in the midst of a continual earthquake. The eruption of the large crater on the summit of Vesuvius has almost ceased; but men of science predict that the earthquake of La Torre is the precursor of an immense eruption. Foreigners are arriving from all parts.

In a recent sitting of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, a letter was read from Signor Ratazzi, announcing his resignation of the Presidency of the Chamber, on account of the state of his health. The announcement was received with much regret, and it was unanimously resolved that he should be requested to retain his post at least till the end of the session.

News from Naples announce that Mount Vesuvius has had a new eruption of ashes. The scientific report mentions the upheaving the soil at Torre del Greco to the height of about a yard, if measured from the level of the sea. Although it is expected that the ground will subside, it is thought that proprietors, even when reassured as to the end of the eruptions, will be in no haste to rebuild the fallen edifices.

The official report of the capture and death of Borges, the Spanish leader of Botrobian brigandage, is published. This report finally settles the question of Borges' fate, which, up to the last moment, some of the Legitimist and Ultramontane organs had disputed.

It is stated that the letter addressed by Garibaldi to the Committee of Provision in Genoa, has been received with much dissatisfaction by some of the more extreme members of that body. The passage of the letter which was thus objected to is that we quoted, in which Garibaldi called upon all Italians to unite under King Victoria Emanuel. This wise and noble advice is said to have aroused the anger of Bertani, Saffi, Nicotera, and others; and the result according to some of the Italian journals, is likely to be a schism between the Italian leader, who himself founded and formed the committee, and some of those to whom his name and his friendship mainly lent political importance.

On Saturday the financial statement was made in the Italian Parliament. The deficit for the coming year is expected to be very much less than that of the last. The financial programme has received a provisional approval by a large majority, and appears to have produced a good impression.

Signor Ratazzi, in deference to the appeal of the Italian Chamber, has consented to withdraw his resignation and to retain the post of President.

It is stated that a committee has been organised in Genoa under the name of the Italian Liberal Society. The following is its programme:—1. The subscriptions to be continued, as well as the protests, by meetings and demonstrations against the French occupation of Rome. 2. To advocate the arming of the nation, national rifle matches, and the military organisation of the people. 3. To demand that the law shall recognise all Italians as citizens, because there cannot be Italian emigrants in Italy. 4. To protest against the arbitrary and unconstitutional acts of the Government. 5. To insist upon the reform of the electoral law in order to introduce universal suffrage into political and administrative elections. 6. To appoint a commission to establish a connection between the various patriotic committees and associations. The committee, composed of five deputies, is to present its report within a month.

TURIN, MONDAY.—An extraordinary sitting of the Senate was held this evening for the discussion of the Budget.

In answer to questions put to him by some of the Senators, Signor Bastogi gave an explanatory statement of the Budget analogous to that which he has already made to the Chamber of Deputies.

Signor Arnulfo stated the conclusion drawn by the Minister, and stated that he had seen the deficit for 1862 to be greater than had been estimated, that the yield of the new taxes was uncertain, and that no definite financial plan for the future had been presented to the Chamber.

Signor Bastogi replied that the deficit of 1862 would be less than in 1861, and said:—"We are living in extraordinary times. If the produce of the tax be not sufficient it will be necessary to have recourse momentarily to the emission of Treasury Bonds, as I have announced to the Chamber of Deputies."

Some of the Senators declared that the vote of the Senate on the Budget would neither express confidence nor distrust in the Ministry, but that in view of the urgency of the case the propositions of the Government would be adopted.

ROME AND JAPAN.—At a Consistory held on Monday morning the Pope expressed to the Cardinals his desire to proceed to the canonisation of 22 martyrs who fell in Japan.

The Pope also announced that another Consistory would be held for the canonisation of three archbishops and ten bishops, most of whom are Spaniards.

PRUSSIA.

Business reached us from Berlin of an approaching ministerial crisis. The recent declarations of the King with regard to the result of the elections have not been productive of good feeling, even if we exclude the speech said to have been delivered at Lottum, but which has since been declared a fabrication. Some of the journals complain freely enough of the censure cast upon electors who have merely exercised an honest choice. The details of the Prussian financial statement were also received with great dissatisfaction in Berlin; and this fact, added to the others we have stated, made the course heavy yesterday, and kept transactions very inactive.

In Berlin a funeral service was celebrated on Monday for the late Prince Consort. The service took place in the chapel of the English Embassy, and was attended by the Royal Family, the Minister of State, and the diplomatic body.

It is stated that the Prussian Parliament is to assemble on

the 14th of January. The rumours of an approaching change in the Prussian Ministry have been denied.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Budget appears not to have given much satisfaction even in Vienna. The Chamber of Deputies adopted the proposal to refer the budget to the examination of a commission, but did not get even thus far without a tolerably sharp debate, in which it is announced that the Polish and Techeque members disputed the power of the Council of Empire, in its present incomplete condition to enter upon the financial legislation at all.

AMERICA.

The Royal Mail steamship Canada, Capt. Muir, from Boston on the 11th, and Halifax on the 13th inst., arrived at Queens-town on Saturday.

Further correspondence between Mr. Seward and Mr. Dayton, the American Minister in Paris, has been published.

Mr. Dayton writes that M. Thouvenel and Earl Russell had officially avowed that there was an understanding between England and France for a mutual action in American affairs.

On the 15th June the English and French Ministers had an interview with Mr. Seward at Washington, in which they both announced that they were charged to read a dispatch from their respective Governments. Mr. Seward, in reply, stated that under the peculiar circumstances he could not permit the official reading of the documents without knowing their character and object. The Ministers thereupon delivered the dispatches to Mr. Seward for informal examination. Mr. Seward, having ascertained that the dispatches, by taking cognisance of both parties as belligerents, assumed that the United States were not one sovereign Power, stated that he could not allow the dispatches to be communicated to the Federal Government.

The New York Herald of the 9th inst., in an article on the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, says that:—"According to the opinion of the British law officers, as given in the correspondence between Mr. Adams and the English Government, the case is fairly and distinctly settled in favour of the Federal Government, and that there may have been fair grounds for seizing the steamer in British waters."

The same paper on the 10th inst. says:—"The British Government will be unable to find a pretext for a quarrel in the action of Captain Wilkes. England has too many interests at stake to risk a rupture with the United States. Canada is within two days' railway ride of half a million of armed men, and has a frontier that can offer no resistance to an invading force. England will be in no hurry to embroil herself in another American difficulty."

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury has been presented to Congress.

Mr. Chase states that the amount derived by the Government from loans, since July last, is \$197,000,000. He is compelled to reduce his estimate of the revenue from the customs during the financial year 1862, from \$57,000,000, to \$32,000,000.

He recommends that the duty on sugar should be increased to 24c.; on clayed sugar to 3c.; on green tea to 25c.; and on coffee to 5c. Other alterations in the tariff are also recommended.

He further recommends that the direct taxes in the loyal states should be increased to \$20,000,000, and that duties should be levied on stills, distilled liquors, tobacco, bank notes, legacies, carriages, and paper, sufficient to produce another \$20,000,000. \$10,000,000 is expected to be derived from the income tax.

The estimated expenditure for the fiscal year terminating in July, 1862, is \$540,000,000. \$329,000,000 have already been received, leaving a deficit of \$214,000,000 to be provided for.

The Secretary proposes to raise \$150,000,000, by substituting for the present Bank currency of the States a Federal currency to that amount, redeemable in coin on presentation, and secured by United States' Stocks: \$50,000,000 by loan, and the remaining \$100,000,000 to be provided in various ways.

In conclusion, the Secretary states that, should the war be continued beyond Midsummer, the amount required for the fiscal year 1863 will be \$379,000,000; and in July, 1863, the public debt will be \$900,000,000. The report does not receive much favour in financial circles.

The Federal Congress has passed a resolution in favour of the adoption of measures for an exchange of prisoners. Congress has also approved the suppression of habeas corpus by President Lincoln.

[LATEST BY TELEGRAPH TO HALIFAX.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—The steamer Hadza, which sailed from Southampton on the 28th ultimo, or the day after that on which the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell became known in England, has arrived here. The effect of the news in England is not considered in New York so unfavourable as was expected.

Admirals have been received from Havana to the 6th instant. The steamer Clyde reported having passed the Spanish fleet thirty-six hours' sail from Vera Cruz. It was rumoured that two new Confederate commissioners would sail for Europe in the Clyde.

It is reported from Mexico that no resistance will be offered, either at Vera Cruz or Tampico, to the allied expedition. There is, however, a strong feeling in favour of making a determined resistance against any Spanish invasion in the interior of the country.

Home News.

Mr. Joseph Hamphry, Q.C., late one of the Masters in Chancery has just died at Brighton. He was sixty-six years of age.

We have to announce the death of Mr. Granville Harcourt, M.P., in his 77th year. Although not the eldest man in the House of Commons, he was the oldest member—the "Father" of the House.

Mr. Paulsen, the celebrated chess player, on Monday last played ten different games simultaneously; four of which he won, lost one, and had five drawn.

Lord Shaftesbury has patronised a very novel idea; it is called "The Rag-collecting Brigade of the London Ragged Schools."

A very important change is about to be made in the money order offices of the kingdom. From the 1st of January, 1862, they will be empowered to send £10 instead of a maximum of £5, as heretofore. This will be a great public convenience.

Newman, a labourer at Chertington, waded that he would drink half a gallon of beer in two minutes. He won his wager, became ill, was turned out of the house, and conveyed to a carshed, where he was attended by his wife. He died in a stupor a few hours afterwards.

The last occasion on which the people of England were called upon to put themselves into mourning for the death of a Prince Consort, was just one hundred and fifty-three years ago, Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anna, having died on the 28th of October, 1708; but the easy and placable Prince was socially and politically very much of a cipher.

INTERNATIONAL SHOW OF STOCK, 1862.—The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, at a late meeting, the Duke of Athole presiding, approved a list of premiums offered for the best cattle and sheep of Scotch breeds exhibited at this show, and granted £1,000 to meet the necessary expenses.

EXTENSION OF THE LIVERPOOL DOCKS.—In the approaching session of Parliament the Mersey Dock Board, intend to apply for powers to borrow £1,000,000, to be applied in the construction of new steam, graving, and carriers' docks, and to carry out other works required by the increasing trade of the port.

EAST WORCESTERSHIRE ELECTION.—The election of a knight of the shire for East Worcestershire, in room of the late Mr. Foley, took place last week, when Harry Foley Vernon, Esq., of Hanbury Park, was returned without opposition.

THE O'DONOGHUE, M.P.—It is announced that, by direction of the Lord Chancellor, the O'Donoghue, M.P., who recently delivered a strong anti-national speech, at a meeting in the Dublin Rotunda, has been removed from the commission of the peace. The writ has been issued.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—The advocates of temperance held an important meeting at the Mansion House last week. The Lord Mayor occupied the chair, and although not committing himself to the principle of total abstinence, he expressed his sympathy with the movement. Speeches were delivered by Mr. B. Scott, the City Chamberlain, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. S. Morley, Mr. S. Bowly, and Mr. Gurney, M.P. The proceedings throughout were characterised by great earnestness on the part of both the speakers and their auditory.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A YOUNG LADY.—The Royal Humane Society have given their bronze medal to Miss Chubb, for saving the life of Ellen Cowley on the 16th of July last, near Onchan, in the Isle of Man. In rescuing a fellow-creature from being drowned, Miss Chubb evinced great courage and presence of mind, and ran no trifling risk of being herself carried out of her depth. We record the gift of the medal with the greater pleasure as its recipient is the daughter of a (late) gallant naval officer, and was formerly a pupil of the Royal Naval Female School.

NEW MARKET AT SMITHFIELD.—The Court of Common Council have recommended the dismarketing of Newgate-market, and erecting a new market on the site of Old Smithfield. At a late meeting it was unanimously agreed to, and a remit made to the coal, corn, and finance committee, to take all necessary steps, including an application to Parliament for proceeding with the new market as soon as possible.

GEORGE THOMPSON ON THE AMERICAN WAR.—At the Surrey Chapel last week, Mr. George Thompson delivered an eloquent lecture on the American crisis. He vindicated the conduct of the Northern States in endeavouring to suppress the Southern rebellion, expressed his confidence in the policy of President Lincoln, and strongly deprecated the war spirit which is now being manifested in certain quarters against America. The Rev. Newman Hall presided.

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE.—A meeting of officers of the merchant service has been held at the London Tavern, to consider the Admiralty regulations with reference to the Royal Naval Reserve. Mr. B. Green, who occupied the chair, explained the nature of these regulations, and resolutions approving of them, and thanking the Lords of the Admiralty, but more especially Lord Clarence Paget, for the opportunity now afforded to the merchant service of co-operating with the navy, were adopted. A resolution of condolence with her Majesty was also passed. Mr. Lindsay and one or two other members of Parliament took part in the proceedings.

THE NAVAL RESERVE.—The Registrar-General of Seamen and Shipping, Captain J. H. Brown, has just issued an important statement connected with the establishment, organisation, and progress throughout the kingdom of a reserve volunteer force of seamen for service in her Majesty's fleet, from which it appears that nearly 10,000 claims have been received, and nearly 3,000 naval volunteers have been enrolled for training and active service of the different regiments throughout the country.

DEMOLITION OF NEW PALACE-YARD.—The block of houses reaching from the clock tower of the New Palace and terminating with Russell's Hotel, and facing the north entrance to Westminster Hall, is in progress of demolition, and it is expected that the whole of them will have been removed by the meeting of Parliament. The whole space between Westminster Hall and the north side of Bridge-street will thus be opened, and from Westminster Bridge a splendid view of the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, and adjacent buildings will be obtained.

COLORADO SPRINGS, ILLINOIS.—Colonel Baker, a gentleman well-known as a journalist in America, has just delivered a lecture on the present state of affairs on the Western Continent. The large room at St. James's Hall was taken for this purpose, but the attendance was very small in proportion to the ample space at command. There were, however, several persons of high standing and influence present, and the audience may be said to have been of the quality. The lecture was well conducted in quantity, and many one of the Western Commissioners, was among Colonel Baker's hearers. The chair was taken by Dr. Charles Johnson, who entrusted a patient hearing to Col. Fuller, and went as far as he understood the purpose of that gentleman, it was to state facts within his own experience and observation. The lecture was in favour of a separation of the South from the North.

LORD RAVENSWORTH ON THE CHAMBERLAIN WITH AMERICA.—The Right Hon. Lord Ravensworth has addressed a note to George Crawshaw, Esq., chairman of the Newcastle Foreign Affairs Association, in reference to the resolutions of that body upon the affair of the Trent, which was published on the 15th inst., in which he says:—"In preparing for this alternative I consider the action of the Government to have been prompt, vigorous, and resolute, worthy of the Sovereign they serve, and of the nation which they govern. I deeply deplore the necessity of so momentous an issue being raised. I do not

deprecate it at a moment when our gracious and beloved Sovereign has suffered the greatest affliction which can befall domestic life. That the national calamity of war should be superadded to a widow's mourning is indeed a trial, which cannot fail to call forth the sympathy, not of England alone, but of the whole civilised world. It may even, under God's impulse, touch the hearts of the mob-ridden Governments of North America. But, whatever be the result, I will conclude by reminding you of a pithy saying, ascribed to Mr. Fox, 'That the nation which prefers its purse to its honour is in the sure road of losing both.'—I am, sir, your obedient servant, RAVENSWORTH."

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON ON THE AMERICAN WAR.—Mr. George Thompson gave the first of a series of six lectures on the American war and slavery, in the Assembly-room of the Free-trade Hall, Manchester, last week. Mr. John Cheetham presided. The Mayor of Manchester (Thomas Goadsby, Esq.) entered the room, and took a seat on the platform. Mr. Thompson said he hoped that one result of the death of the Prince Consort would be the bringing about of a better state of feeling in this country. If those cold lips in Windsor Tower could speak they would advise the people to put away passion, prejudice, and pride, to leave off the language of taunt, menace, and insult, and to remit to reason and justice the adjustment of any difference that for the present might disturb the applicable relations between us and America. To be neutral, and not to take our sympathies to the North, was to be false in the cause of freedom, and to be on the side of slavery. The North was in the right constitutionally and morally; and the South was in the wrong. Slavery was the cause of this carnival of blood. The South obtained the ascendancy when the American Government was established, and maintained it until Mr. Buchanan left office; and it was to regain that ascendancy that the South was now in arms, and for nothing else. It was not for empire that the North were fighting; but for the integrity of their Government, and the institutions founded by their fathers. Felons and traitors were seeking to overthrow the Union because they desired to erect on the ruins of the grand republic an institution the most execrable, a government based avowedly upon the enslavement of mankind, slavery being its chief corner stone. The speaker entered largely into the alleged right of secession, arguing that the Constitution prescribed the means to be taken to ascertain the sense of the people in reference to any organic change, and that the South were endeavouring to obtain that by force, which they should have sought to acquire by legal methods. At the conclusion of the lecture, which occupied more than two hours, a vote of thanks to Mr. Thompson was moved by Mr. Nelson, seconded by Mr. G. Wilson, and passed with acclamation. This concluded the proceedings.

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.—On Sunday morning, during the hours of divine service, William Woodroff, of Thomas-street, Camberwell-road, was out shooting with some companions in the vicinity of Cold Harbour-lane, and while in the act of getting over a fence at the top of Poplar-walk the gun he carried suddenly exploded, lodging the contents in his right shoulder. The collar-bone was much shattered, and a portion of the adjacent parts was carried away; and Mr. Key, the surgeon who was sent for, found the unfortunate man in a very exhausted condition. He was at once conveyed by Mr. Key in a cab to Guy's Hospital, but, notwithstanding every attention that medical and surgical skill could suggest, he died on the following day. He has left a widow and one child in distressed circumstances.

CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—A numerous and long protracted meeting of the Conservative Land Society has been held to consider the charges which were brought against the management of the society at a former meeting. The executive committee had drawn up a paper explanatory of the charge that the secretary paid portions of the society's money into his own banker's, and bringing recriminatory charges against the conduct of Dr. Worthington himself. The rev. gentleman defended himself against these imputations; but the meeting listened to him with great impatience, while the defence of the secretary's conduct was pronounced by the meeting to be satisfactory. Dr. Worthington left the meeting amid symptoms of general disapprobation, which, in part, arose from the circumstance that the rev. doctor intimated he had filed a bill in Chancery against the company. The proceedings of the directors were fully approved of, and a vote of thanks to Lord Ranelagh, the chairman, terminated the proceedings.

NOTTINGHAM ELECTION.—The contest is going on with unabated vigour, the supporters of each candidate being confident of success. Lord Lincoln has addressed the electors at two meetings. His lordship said he wished to be clearly understood on the subject of church rates, as some of the electors had misunderstood him on this point. When he stated in the first instance that he was in favour of civil and religious liberty he did not mean it in any contracted or narrow, but in the broadest and fullest sense. He need scarcely say that he would do all he could in the way of personal canvass, but in his present state of health he feared that he could do very little. If they returned him to parliament he should consider himself pledged in any and every way to do all he possibly could for the welfare and prosperity of Nottingham. At the second meeting his lordship, amid enthusiastic cheering, declared that if elected, he would vote for Sir John Trelawny's Church-rate Abolition Bill. He promised also to support Mr. Hedfield. He was favourable to a £10 county and a £6 borough franchise, but he would not support any clap-net measure brought forward by any single member of the House of Commons for the purpose of upsetting the Government. The meeting separated after having given three cheers for the noble earl. Sir Robert Clifton has addressed several meetings of his supporters, and the contest is being carried on with unabated vigour.

THE MILITIA OF CANADA.—The militia of Canada, as at present organised, is under the command in chief of the Governor-General, and has a staff of an adjutant-general for each province, with two principal aides-de-camp and a quartermaster-general. It consists of two divisions, known as the "active" and the "sedentary." There are 16 batteries of artillery, 16 troops of cavalry designated as class A, 12 troops of class B, 62 companies of rifles, and several corps of light infantry. In Lower Canada there are 42 battalions and in Upper Canada 47 battalions of "sedentary" militia. The Canadian rifles are regularly enrolled troops, and act with the other Queen's regiments stationed at Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec. The militia has shown that it can be relied upon in times of emergency. In addition to these there is a considerable force of volunteers in both provinces.

AN AMERICAN BISHOP ON THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.—Bishop McIlvaine, the Bishop of Ohio, who is at present in this country, a few days since visited Cambridge. On his return to London he was invited by the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird to meet a few clergymen at his residence, in Pall Mall East, to make a statement relating to the American crisis. On Thursday evening, Sir M. Peto, M.P., the Rev. B. Noel, and many other gentlemen, assembled to listen to the rev. prelate's views on this important question. After expressing his gratification at the tone of the religious classes in this country in reference to the calamity of war, the venerable bishop, in answer to various inquiries, adverted especially to the relative positions of the North and South on the slavery question. As regarded the North, the war was not ostensibly against slavery, but against rebellion; the South being, on the other hand, avowedly fighting for slavery. Although the liberation of the slaves was thus not the avowed object of the war, it would—in the event of the success of the North—be its certain result. He drew a distinction between the "Abolitionists" and the friends of a gradual and wise emancipation, declaring that the feeling in favour of the latter was growing every day, and that the slaves in the districts occupied by the Northern expeditionary forces showed themselves to be fully informed of the true bearing of the war on their own freedom. The right rev. prelate also made some remarks in defence of the negro colonisation scheme, shadowed forth in President Lincoln's message.

BANK OF DEPOSIT INQUIRY.—The examination into the affairs of the Bank of Deposit was continued last week before Sir John Romilly. Lord Keane and Lord George Paget were examined in public, and Mr. Adair, another director, in *informa health*, in private. The burden of the two noble lords was the same—they drew their salaries as director and chairman, but left all the duties in the hands of Mr. Peter Morrison. Lord George stated that he resigned on account of the connection formed with the French Imperial Company; and he did not know, till these proceedings were taken, that his letter of resignation, containing his reasons of dissent, had never been read to the board. Mr. Wells, who was a director from 1853 to 1856, the Rev. William Dean, who became director in November, 1857, and Dr. Henry Clark, who was appointed one in 1859, were examined with reference to their knowledge of the company's transactions. The Master of the Rolls, wished to know what object was gained by carrying these examinations further. Mr. Selwyn made the following significant reply:—"What we wanted to do is to avoid the necessity of going over these inquiries again when we come to charge the directors with a mis-application of the funds." He said he thought that another sitting would suffice to complete the examinations, but his honour was unable to fix a day, and suggested to the learned counsel that he should make his application at the beginning of next term.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

The *Medical Times* publishes the following reflections on the lamented death of the Prince Consort.

There were fluctuations from time to time, and even within an hour of his death the Prince expressed himself as strong enough to get out of bed; nevertheless, a terrible fit of congestion of the lungs ensued, in which he expired, shortly before eleven o'clock at night.

The Prince's constitution was one of those which was not calculated to bear the brunt of an enfeebling zymotic disease. Spite of an active athletic life and of careful diet he displayed an early tendency to increase of bulk which is rarely compatible with a healthy rigidity of fibre. He was easily depressed by a common cold or any other slight accidental illness, had a feeble circulation, and truly believed that any severe illness would at any time be fatal to him. Now and then he contracted his fatal illness is matter of surprise purely. All maladies of this class have a "period of incubation." The fatal zymotic poison is imbibed, but it does not at once show its full effects. It broods for a certain number of days, like leaven, in the veins of the victim, before there ensues that shivering fit, of greater or less intensity, which is the starting point of the actual fever. Some persons, like the small-pox, have fixed periods of incubation; others, as the scarlet fever, are uncertain, for there may be no interval whatever—the fever may begin immediately on receipt of the poison. In the typhoid the period of incubation is probably about a week, and the source of the fatal poison must have been taken at some place which the Prince visited during the last week of November. Was it Cambridge? Was it South Kensington? It is vain to speculate. The causes of typhoid fever are all about even in places which ought to be the most exempt from them. Like poisons of their class, they evidently do not affect all alike, but only some persons who are predisposed, and no one who travels much can be sure that he may not meet with them.

So soon as unfavourable symptoms manifested themselves, Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner requested that the patient should have the benefit of additional advice, and that their own responsibility should be divided. This proposition was very unwillingly entertained at first by the personage most nearly interested, partly from her unbounded confidence in her advisers, and partly from the fear of still further depressing the vital powers of the Prince, and increasing his despondency by alarm at indications of increased danger. The repeated request of the physicians, however, was at length complied with; and two physicians were specially selected by the royal family—Sir Henry Holland and Dr. Watson; the former distinguished by his knowledge of the minutia of therapeutics and the peculiarities of aristocratic life, the latter for having enjoyed some of the largest fields of experience, and for the reputation of possessing a most mature and sober judgment and unimpeachable conscientiousness. The confidence which the royal family placed in their advisers is fully shared by the public and by the profession. They may be sure that the most refined and energetic resources of medicine and diet were employed to save and sustain the patient's vital powers. After the fatal event, the Queen, with a calmness and dignity which never desert her, expressed her warmest thanks to Sir James Clark, as one of her oldest and best friends; and more than one member of the royal family testified to Dr. Jenner their gratitude for the attention he had lavished—unavailing, alas—on their departed relative.

The box-constructor at the Garden of Plants, Paris, which swallowed its blanket some time ago and disgorged it about a month afterwards, has just died, owing, it is supposed, to its having retained so indigestible a mass such a length of time in its bowels.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE lamented death of the Prince Consort has, during the week, called forth a universal feeling of regret at the melancholy event, and sympathy for the Queen. Nearly all our public bodies throughout the United Kingdom have passed resolutions of condolence. In London, on Saturday, the Court of Aldermen passed a resolution of condolence with Her Majesty, and the Marylebone Representative Council gave similar expression to its feelings.

The Lord Mayor issued a placard on Saturday, requesting his fellow-citizens to abstain from all business that could possibly be avoided on the day of the funeral. A numerous-attended and influential meeting of Germans was held at Crosby Hall on Saturday, to testify their feelings of regret at the death of his Royal Highness. The consular representatives of the various German States, the leading German merchants, and several deputations from the provinces were present on this deeply-interesting occasion. The resolutions eulogized the Prince in the various relations of his important career—as the representative in this country of German civilisation, as a philanthropist who endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of mankind and to unite nations in the bonds of peace, and as a husband and father, who presided over a model household, and endeared himself to his family by his domestic virtues. The chief speaker was Professor Kinkel, who spoke with an intimate knowledge of the Prince Consort's life from the time that he was a student at Bonn. Not the least interesting portion of the proceedings was the resolution in which our German friends declare that they share the love and respect which the British people entertain for the memory of the Prince, and invoke the Divine blessing upon the great works on behalf of which he so zealously laboured.

On Sunday the death of the lamented Prince Consort was made the subject of funeral discourses in all the churches and chapels of the metropolis; and similar services were held throughout the country generally. Eloquent tributes were paid to the character and services of the illustrious deceased, and both the religious edifices and the congregations assembled therein were covered with the symbols of mourning, to an extent which has never been exceeded, and which showed how universal was the feeling of sorrow that prevailed. In many instances the buildings were so crowded that the doors or gates had to be closed soon after the services began.

THE FUNERAL.

The gloom and grief which has been occasioned throughout Great Britain by the death of the Prince Consort has been deeply felt at Windsor, where his face was familiar to the inhabitants, amongst whom he breathed his last. Throughout the week business in the neighbourhood of the Castle has been



CHATEAU OF RHENARD'S BRUN, NEAR GOTHA.
HUNTING-BOX.

at a standstill, and on Monday morning the town wore a most melancholy appearance; every shop was closely shut up, but it was unnecessary to look to these to see that some great grief had overtaken the inhabitants, for there was sorrow and anxiety apparent on all their faces, and although numbers came into the highway to witness the procession, there was an entire absence of the look of satisfaction that lightens up the countenance of the sightseers, and its place was taken by a careworn, melancholy expression, which told of hearts full of sympathy and of sorrow for our most gracious Queen and her family in this hour of affliction.

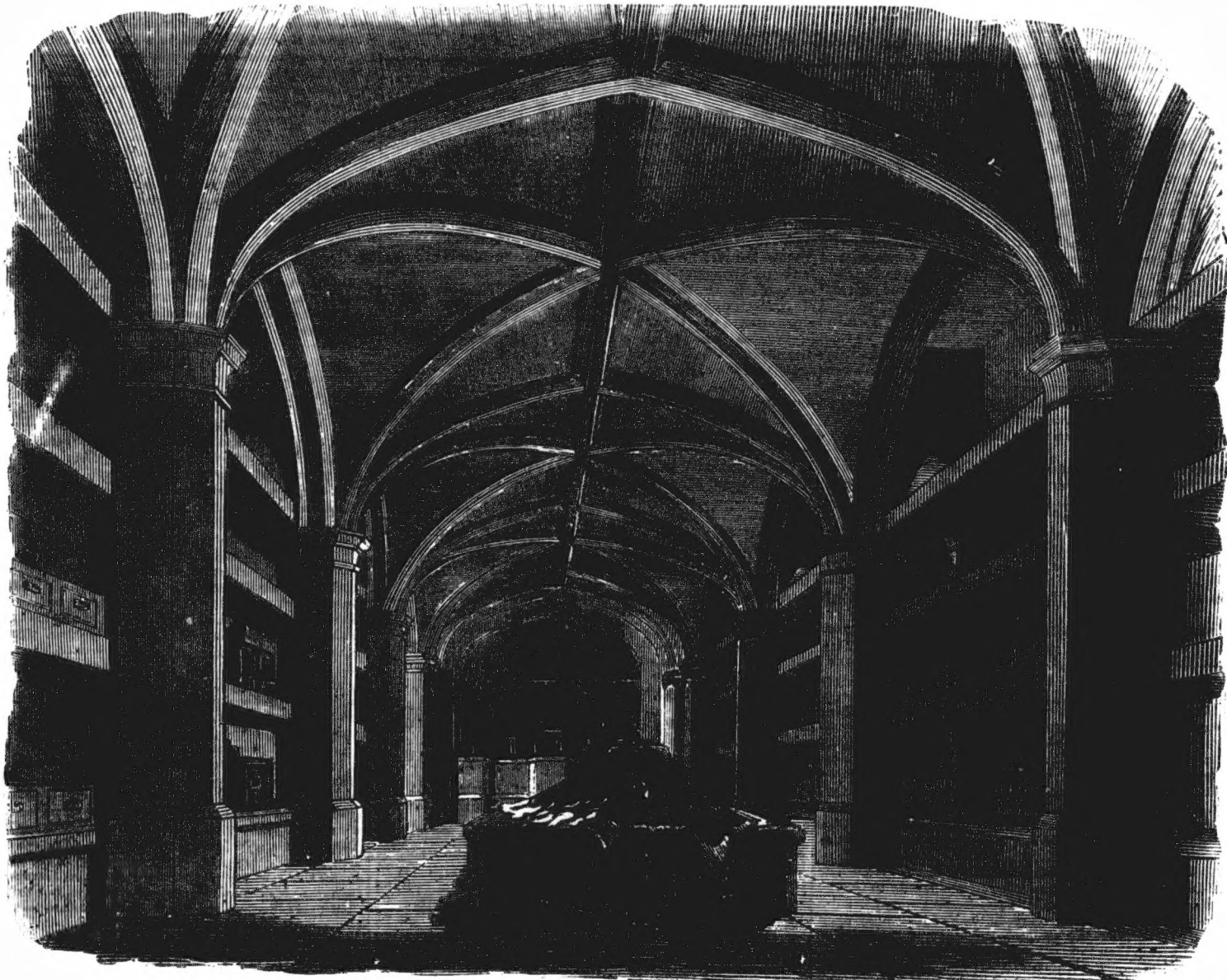
Shortly after twelve the funeral procession from the Castle formed in the Quadrangle, and was escorted by a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards, mounted, to St. George's Chapel, proceeding under the Norman Gateway to the lower ward. The remainder of the Life Guards kept the line, and the Grenadier Guards mounted at the entrances to the State apartment.

Those who had the honour to receive the Queen's commands to attend the ceremony, but who did not take part in the procession, were admitted to St. George's Chapel, by Wolsey's Hall,

at half-past eleven o'clock, and at once conducted to seats in the choir.

The Royal Family and other Royal personages assembled in the chapter-room of St. George's Chapel at twelve o'clock, from which they were conducted to their places in the procession by the Vice Chamberlain. Those persons who formed part of the procession within the chapel assembled in Wolsey's Hall, and took their places upon the arrival of the body at the south porch. The procession was formed in the nave, and moved up the choir in the order of the official programme, already extensively published. A company of artillery arrived at Windsor on Friday, and proceeded to the cavalry battery at Spital. During the morning they proceeded with their guns to the statue of George the Third, at the top of the Long Walk, about two miles and a half distant from the Castle, and at the early part of the day commenced firing five-minute guns, and gradually advanced as the cortege left the Castle, and increased to half-minute time, until they arrived at the general entrance, at the conclusion of the funeral ceremony.

In St. George's Chapel, where the funeral ceremony took place, the arrangements were almost the same as those made on the occasion of the obsequies of the Duchess of Kent. The interior of the Chapel Royal of St. George and the exterior of the south entrance assumed a gloomy appearance, from the drapery of black cloth which covered the flooring and the temporary fittings. Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel, where the chief mourners and members of the Royal families assembled and robed previous to joining the procession, was floored with cocoa matting and covered with black cloth; and the chairs, sofas, seats, and tables—and, indeed, every article of furniture—was also covered with black cloth. A covered porch, draped with black cloth, had been constructed on the south side, under which the hearse was drawn. The entrance to the Royal vault was opened, and the machinery adjusted for lowering the coffin, which had been temporarily placed outside the iron grating of the tomb house, in the same manner as the late Duchess of Kent's remains were rested until removed to the mausoleum at Frogmore, and we may here remark that it is the intention of her Majesty to erect another mausoleum in the garden at Frogmore, near to that of the Royal Duchess, to which the remains of the Prince Consort will eventually be removed. The corpse was received by the dean and canons and officers of state. Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel was fitted up, and a covered entrance to it by the cloisters was erected. This chapel was appropriated exclusively to the members of the Royal family, who, as the procession moved down the south aisles proceeded along the north aisles, so as to join the procession as it passed up the nave. The body was placed at once upon the bier, and wheeled slowly up till it was placed on the platform, worked



FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.—THE VAULT.

by machinery, by which it was to be lowered to the Royal vault at the proper period of the service.

The order of the procession from the Castle to St. George's Chapel has already appeared in nearly all the papers, and need not be repeated here.

Upon the arrival within the choir the Crown, and the Baton, Sword, and Hat of his late Royal Highness were placed upon the coffin. His Royal Highness the Chief Mourner stood at the head of the corpse, with His Royal Highness Prince Arthur and His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha on either side. The other Royal personages stood behind his Royal Highness the Chief Mourner, and their attendants near them.

The supporters of the pall were on either side of the coffin.

The Lord Chamberlain stood at the foot of the coffin.

The rest of the procession having previously advanced towards the centre of the choir, stood on either side of the chapel.

As the procession moved up the nave with slow and solemn steps, the opening sentences of the Burial Service, so full of hope, "I am the resurrection," were sung to the music of Dr. Croft. On entering the choir the 39th Psalm was chanted to the funeral chant arranged from Beethoven by Goss. The Dean of Windsor then read the Lesson, after which the choir sang a German chorale, "I shall not in the grave remain." The sentences, "Man that is born of a woman," were read; after which Luther's hymn, "Great God, what do I see and hear?" was sung, Mr. Jolly, one of the gentlemen of the choir, singing the solo part.

The corpse having been placed over the opening, was then gradually lowered into the Royal vault, and as it disappeared, those who stood around looking into the dark open chasm, taking their last sad farewell of him whom they had all loved as dearly as their own life, there was scarcely an eye in the chapel from which the big round burning tear did not flow, or a heart that did not swell and throb with the deepest and saddest emotion.

The Service was then continued. "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God" was read, after which "I heard a voice from heaven" was sung to the music of Croft. After the prayer "Almighty God, with whom do we live," a chorale was sung, "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit" (used by Mendelssohn in "St. Paul"); after which the Dean read the concluding prayers. The Garter King of Arms then produced the style of his late Royal Highness; and during the time the procession left the chapel, the "Dead March" was played on the organ.

The Hon. and Very Rev. the dean of Windsor read the service, and the musical portion was performed by the choir of



GOtha, THE CAPITAL OF THE DUCHY OF SAXE-GOTHA.

St. George's Chapel, Dr. Elvey, the organist, presiding at the organ.

A guard of honour of the Grenadier Guards (of this regiment his late Royal Highness, it will be remembered, was colonel), mounted during the ceremony at the entrance to St. George's Chapel, and a troop of the Royal Horse Artillery were stationed in Windsor Park, and fired minute guns during the progress of the ceremony.

The inner shell and outer lead case, containing the remains of the late Prince, were sealed down by the officers of the Board of Works on Tuesday week. On the leaden coffin is a silver plate, with a similar inscription to that on the outer one. The body of the late Prince Consort was not, as has been stated in some of our contemporaries, attired in the full uniform of a field marshal previous to its being placed in the shell.

The following is the Latin inscription on the coffin:—

"Depositum
Illustrissimi et Celsissimi Alberti,
Principis Consortis,
Ducis Saxoniae,
de Saxe-Coburg et Gotha Principis,
Nobilissimi Ordinis Periscelidis Equitis,
Augustissimae et Potentissimae Victoriae Reginae
Conjugis percarissimi,
Obiit die decimo quarto Decembris, MDCCCLXI,
Anno aetatis suae XLIII."

(Here is deposited the body of the most illustrious and exalted Albert, Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the

Garter, and the beloved Consort of the Most August and Powerful Queen Victoria. He died on the 14th of December, 1861, in the 43rd year of his age.)

The following telegram was received at Mr. Reuter's office on Monday morning:—

SOUTHAMPTON, Monday.

The Royal yacht *Fairy*, Captain Walsh, arrived here this morning from Osborne, with Prince Arthur, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Louis of Hesse, Lord Alfred Paget, the Hon. Mr. Charles Phipps, and Major Elphinstone on board.

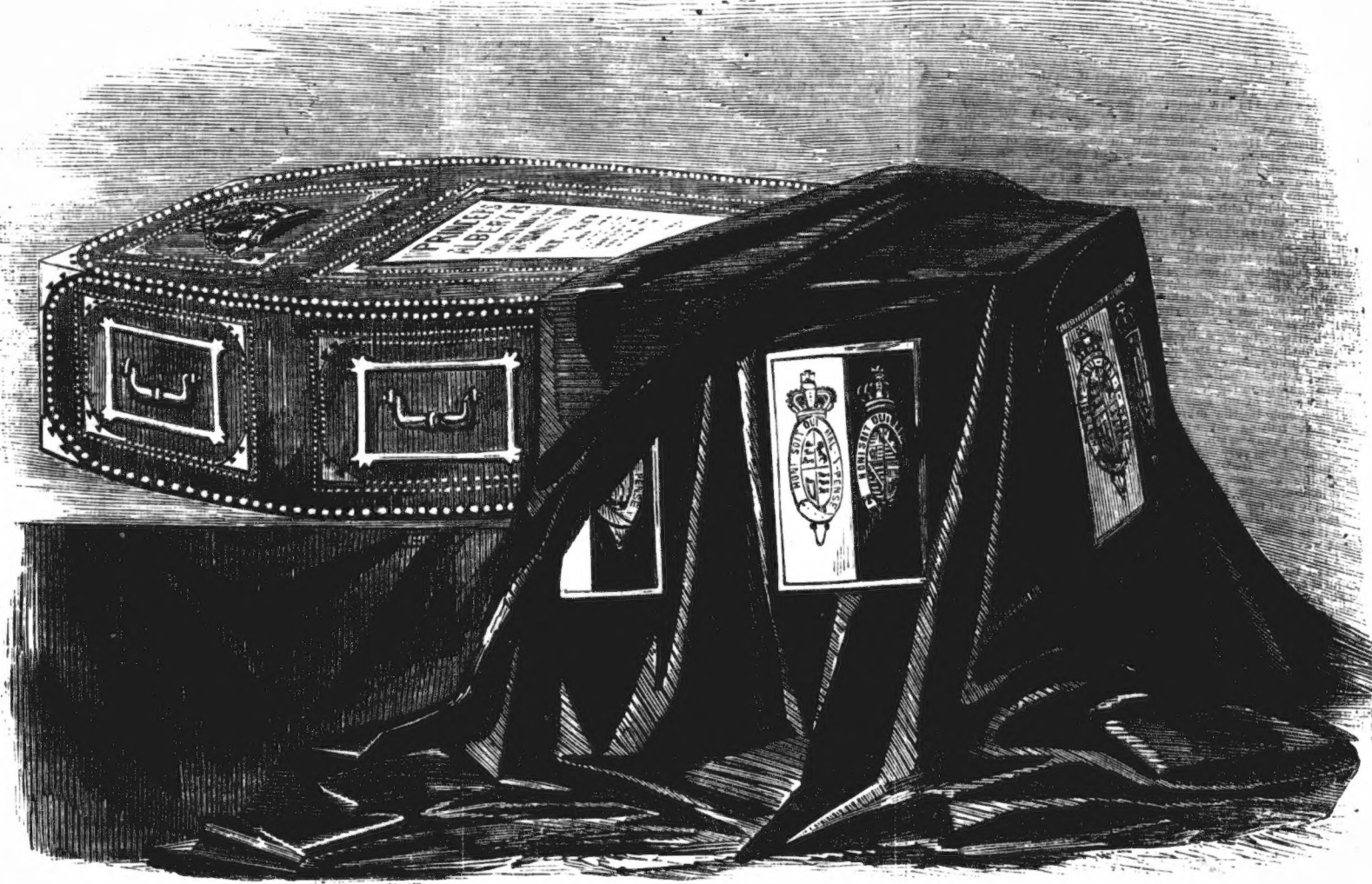
The Royal party have left by train for Windsor.

THE METROPOLIS.

The published suggestion of the Lord Mayor, that the citizens should, as far as possible, contract their business transactions during the day, was attended to with a degree of attention which must be highly flattering to his lordship, while at the same time the almost entire cessation of trade throughout the City testified to the deep estimation in which the memory of the late illustrious Prince is held by all classes.

The bells of the City churches commenced tolling at nine o'clock and entirely closing of places of business was very general, while there was not one house in a thousand that was not partially closed. At the Post Office, the blinds were drawn, and the Royal standard put half-mast high. The Mansion House also had the blinds down. In Houndsditch the Jews were no less respectful to the memory of the illustrious departed. The blinds at the Mint were drawn, and the Royal standard floated half-mast high on the Master's house. The flag at the Tower presented the same appearance. The garrison attended Divine service in the morning, and the whole of the works were suspended at twelve o'clock, up to which hour national matters rendered it necessary that certain barges should be loaded. Minute guns were fired between twelve and one o'clock. At the Custom House the Royal standard was at half distance, but none of the blinds were down, and the same may apply to the Coal Exchange. The business of the fish market at Billingsgate and of Leadenhall Market was almost entirely confined to wholesale dealers, and a manager in the latter informed the writer that he had scarcely seen a private purchase during the morning. The only points, besides the provision markets, where there was anything in the shape of traffic were the railway stations.

At the West End, in the squares, and indeed throughout London—in the densely populated streets of Whitechapel and the fashionable neighbourhood of Pall-mall, the Parks, and Regent-street—the signs of mourning, both in the absence of business and the closing of shops, and in the personal attire of the wayfarers, were observable.



THE FUNERAL OF PRINCE ALBERT.—COFFIN AND PALL

LAW AND POLICE.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY V. THE REV. DR. R. WILLIAMS.—
ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.
 This case, which has caused so much stir in the Church, was at last, come up before Dr. Lushington in the Archepiscopal Court. The case opened on Thursday the 20th.

Dr. R. Phillimore, Q.C., Dr. Seabrook, and Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., appeared for the promoter of the suit. Dr. Williams was represented by Dr. Deane, Q.C., and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen.
 The "articles" filed by the Bishop against Dr. Williams are twenty-two in number. The first declares that all ecclesiastical persons who have been admitted into holy orders ought to adhere to, and maintain with constancy and sincerity, the doctrines and teaching of the Church; and that for lapsing those doctrines they ought to be punished and corrected according to the gravity of the offence and the exigency of the law. Articles 2 to 6 declare that Dr. Rowland Williams is a person in holy orders, vicar of Brom Chalk, and state his share in the volume called "Essays and Reviews." Article 7 is as follows: "And we article and object to you, the said Rev. Rowland Williams, that in the said article, essay, or review, are contained the following passages, that is to say:—As in Egypt our author affixes the historical date of the Bible, so in his 'Gott in der Geschichte' he expounds its directly religious element. Lamenting, like Pascal, the weakness of our feverish being when estranged from its eternal stay, he traces, as a countryman of Hegel, the Divine thought bringing order out of confusion. Unlike the despairing school who forbid us trust in God or in conscience, unless we kill our souls with literalism, he finds salvation for men and states only in becoming acquainted with the author of our life, by whose reason the world stands fast, whose stamp is on our consciousness, and whose voice is our echo in the Bible, as an expression of devout reason, and therefore to be read with reason and freedom, he finds records of the spiritual giants whose experience generated the religious ideas which we breathe." Lengthened extracts are given from pages 77 and 78 of the volume in reference to prophecy, particularly to one in which is described a throne upon seven hills of the Old Testament. These opinions, it is alleged on the part of the bishop, are antagonistic to the 4th, 7th, and 20th of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion; that portion of the Nicene Creed which declares in substance that the Holy Ghost spoke by the Prophets, and that portion of the Septuagint (Hebrews) appointed in the Book of Common Prayer to be read in the Epistle for Christmas Day. In the remaining articles, various other passages in the work are cited as being at variance with the doctrine of the Church of England.

Dr. Phillimore prayed the admission of the articles.
 Dr. Deane opposed. He contended that the Church of England allowed great latitude in the construction of its articles and formularies, and that freedom of thought was the basis of Protestantism. He contended also that Baron Bunsen was a Christian in the strictest sense of the word, having been instrumental in the erection of the Bishopric of Jerusalem, which was in direct connection with the Established Church of England. He maintained that the free handling of Scripture was not dangerous if it were done in a becoming spirit, particularly if Scripture was liable to suffer by conventional language and no subject had suffered more by conventional language than Scripture, whether they took the extremes of Popery or Calvinism. Conventional language was the most dangerous language that could be used upon any subject, and a traditional mode of treatment of religion was most dangerous. Against such a traditional mode of treatment the 6th Article of Religion was especially directed. He greatly regretted this prosecution, and considered that if so much agitation had not taken place in reference to the book, it would never have received the attention which had been given to it. So much attention, indeed, had it received, that a learned Parson had been sent to this country from Bombay, for the especial purpose of translating the book into his own language. He complained of the manner in which the extracts from the essay had been made in the articles, the promoters mixing passages together, as it suited their convenience, and that they had failed to state whether the passages on which they relied were an expression of the opinion or the meaning of the writer of the book reviewed or of the reviewer. This distinction they had entirely ignored and the Dean of Arches was sitting that day not so much as an ecclesiastical judge, as a critic in matter of literature. If the promoters were right in their views, there must necessarily be an end to literary criticism in the Church of England. At one time it was believed that the sun stood still in the valley of Ajalon, and that the world was created in six days; but science had put an end to such theories; and was there to be no change in philology—were they to be silent on the light which advancing time threw upon those subjects? If they did so, they would secure unity, but it would be a most dangerous unity. It would be a unity between ignorance and hypocrisy. The ignorant would know no better, and those who knew better would have to disguise their knowledge. The learned counsel then proceeded to take each passage in the essay as cited, connecting it with its context in the book. He then assigned the passages cited to their own writers, whether Baron Bunsen or Dr. Williams, and then endeavored to ascertain the true meaning of the passages cited. He endeavored to show by authorities that that true meaning was one which a clergyman of the Church of England might lawfully hold. He next examined the indictment founded upon the various passages, and contended that the authorities relied on in support of the indictment were such as in law could not be relied on, or that they broke down in the hands of those who used them against Dr. Williams.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen followed Dr. Deane in defence of Dr. Rowland Williams. He contended that in the Church of England the inspiration, criticism, and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures had been deliberately left an open question. He expressed his determination not to avail himself of any technicality, but to uphold the right of Dr. Williams to advocate the opinions which he had published. The learned counsel had only completed a portion of his argument on Saturday when the court adjourned till the 7th of January.

THE LATE ATTEMPTED MURDER AT ISLINGTON.—The dying deposition of Christopher Crane, whose murder was brutally attempted on the 7th instant, by his brother, Walter Crane, now a prisoner in the House of Detention, a message having been forwarded to the police by Mr. T. S. Ellis, the house-surgeon of the above hospital, to the effect that the demise of the unfortunate man was expected within a few hours. That portion of the dying man's statement which describes the assault was as follows:—"We got about three parts of the road by the side of the river (the New River), and all at once I found a hard knock or blow on the head. I turned half round, when he (the prisoner) struck me three or four more blows. I saw a life-preserver in his hand. I then fell down. I hallowed out several times for 'Mercy,' and asked him what he was doing to me. He made no reply, but held me by the collar of my coat and waistcoat with one hand—the life-preserver being in the other—and endeavored to drive me into the water. I was so weak that I could not get away from him. I managed to get away again, and sat down by the side of the bank of the river. I was very much excited, I said, 'Do let me alone.' I don't think he replied. He began battering me over the head a second time with the life-preserver. He then laid the life-preserver down, and caught hold of me by the shirt which I was wearing round my neck and tried to pull me towards the river, but it being too rotten to break with the strain. He then looked after the life-preserver, and having picked it up began hitting me over the head and face with it again. My hat was off. It had been knocked off with the first blow. At this time I pulled the life-preserver from his hand, and threw it from me. I then fell on my side from exhaustion. The unfortunate man said that he then lay down, and was unable to get up. He said that they were both asleep, and that he had had no conversation with the prisoner. The injured man was then raised in bed and his deposition taken, the prisoner in the meantime being handcuffed by the inspector preparatory to his return to the House of Detention.

THE GETHIN DIVORCE CASE.—INTERVIEW OF THE QUEEN'S PROCTOR.—In the Divorce and Probate Court, Lady Gethin had petitioned for dissolution of marriage on the ground of cruelty and adultery by her husband, Sir Richard Gethin, Bart. She established her case, but the Queen's Proctor intervened, and pleaded collusion between the parties, and the adultery by the petitioner before the filing of her petition in October, 1859.—The Attorney-General stated the circumstances which caused the Queen's Proctor to intervene. Sir Richard first filed a petition for divorce on the ground of his wife's adultery with Mr. Ellis, but on his application the petition was dismissed with costs; but these costs were never claimed. Lady Gethin was living apart from her husband in 1855, with her mother (Mrs. Foley) at Ludbrook-square, Notting Hill, and she took lodgings for Mr. Ellis in the neighbourhood, and visited him daily.—Mrs. Elizabeth Denny, of 6, Victoria-place, Notting Hill, said she let a second-floor bedroom to Lady Gethin for Mr. Ellis in April, 1855, and on the 7th of May Mr. Ellis arrived. Lady Gethin said he was her cousin, and she called daily—generally in the morning and in the afternoon. On one occasion Lady Gethin remained three hours in his bedroom, having been taken ill, and Mr. Ellis came down stairs and took up with him. Mr. Ellis used to come in at a noon or evening. He came to her "Kenny." One day the ladies were not up, and she said that it was a very funny thing, and she would soon have him out of her. Lady Gethin said that Mr. Ellis was a very short and stout man, and

on his shirt. In October he took a dining room and backroom, communicating by folding doors, and the bedroom had a door into the passage. On some occasions Mr. Ellis dined out, and Lady Gethin remained in the dining room till eleven o'clock when he returned, and they dined and talked till midnight, and at such times the door leading to the passage remained locked, the key being in the passage to make the bed. Lady Gethin was 35 and 7 years of age—sometimes accompanied her there, but a servant always came for them at eight in the evening, and Lady Gethin remained till eleven o'clock or later. Lady Gethin made signals from her bedroom window at her mother's. On one occasion she dressed a doll and danced it at the window. Generally she waved her handkerchief.—Louisa Sarah Davies, sister of the last witness, corroborated portions of the above evidence. She stated also that she had seen Lady Gethin sitting on Mr. Ellis's knee, with her arms round his neck, and his arms round her waist. She had frequently seen him kiss her.—The trial was then adjourned to next day.—The case was resumed on Friday.—Mr. Macnamy, in behalf of Lady Gethin, said that from the time of the marriage Lady Gethin had been ill-treated, and when separated from her husband, on account of his cruelty, she resided with her mother. Counsel then called witnesses, the most important of whom was Mr. Ellis, who denied that any acts of a criminal kind had occurred between himself and Lady Gethin. On Saturday the Judge-Ordinary summed up the evidence. He said this was a very important case, and required great attention on the part of the jury. There were two questions—first, whether there had been any collusion between the parties for the purpose of obtaining a decree contrary to the justice of the case; and, secondly, whether Lady Gethin, the petitioner, in whose favour a decree for a divorce was granted, had been herself guilty of adultery. The circumstances were no doubt such as to lead a suit for a divorce against her husband, and she was a wife. She then presented a petition against her husband, alleging cruelty and adultery, and denying the charges of adultery made against her. In this state of the case Sir R. Gethin withdrew his petition, and allowed his wife to go on, without raising any objection except a technical one. It is clear that strong suspicion of a collusion might have been raised, but at the same time, it was quite possible that Sir R. Gethin, who was a zealous of having a divorce, as he was a man who took the course he did for the purpose of securing the end without any actual concert of collusion with his wife. The jury would therefore come to an opinion upon the evidence. They would also say whether Lady Gethin had been guilty of adultery, in which case she would not be entitled to her divorce. The jury returned a verdict that there had been no collusion between the parties, and Lady Gethin had not been guilty of adultery.

THE WINDHAM CASE.—This inquiry has occupied the greater part of the week, and is again adjourned. The witnesses have been principally examining with the object of showing that young Windham was dirty and irregular in his habits, that he said and did many foolish things, and could not take care of his money—moreover that he was not a very nice fellow, and did many things that if not proving him insane showed he was not endowed with much intellect or sense.

MURDER OF A GAMEKEEPER AT OTLEY.—James Waller, 34, was charged with the wilful murder of William Smith on the 5th November last. A York being Mr. Justice Wigatman. Mr. G. Foster, Mr. Hannay, and the Hon. E. S. Wortley prosecuted. Mr. Maule and Mr. V. Blackwell defended the prisoner. The scene of the crime with which the prisoner was charged was called Low Springs, an obscure nook at bottom of Beldon Moor, near Bingley, and also Otley. The deceased was about 32 years of age, and held the situation of head gamekeeper to T. Horsfall, Esq., of Hawksworth Hall. The prisoner resided in the neighborhood, and was noted as a daring poacher, the deceased having been the means on one occasion of getting him convicted for the offence. We furnished the particulars a few weeks ago when the offence was committed. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to death without any hope of mercy.

THE BILSTON MURDER.—At Stafford, William Jones, miner, David Black, puddler, William Maddocks, puddler, Thomas Jukes, snuff-maker, Samuel Hill, puddler, Ezekiel Webb, miner, and Thomas Selby, potter, were charged last week with burglariously breaking into the dwelling house of John Baggett, at Bilston, on the 29th September, and stealing coats and other articles; and also killing and murdering the said John Baggett, by choking, suffocating, and strangling him. This was a most atrocious case—one of the worst cases of robbery and murder recorded even in the county of Stafford, which has gained an unenviable notoriety for offences of an outrageous character. The prisoners are all bad characters, two of them being returned convicts. The particulars appeared fully in our paper two months ago. All the prisoners are defended by counsel, and there was a mass of evidence taken. The trial was brought to a conclusion by the jury returning a verdict of guilty under articles of indictment, and also of murder. Mr. Baron Martin, in passing a verdict of death, said that he could hold out no hope of mercy whatever. The case against Jukes, Hill, Webb, and Selby was not pressed. They were, therefore, acquitted. Maddocks has since confessed his guilt.

A SYSTEMATIC LADY THIEF.—A well-dressed woman, who gave the name of Sarah Blake, was charged with the following frauds at the Marlborough Court on Saturday.—Mr. Solomon Asser, of the Burlington-arcade, artificial florist, said, on the 20th of December prisoner stated that she had had her pocket picked of £14 or £15, but that she wanted to take a head-dress to Lady. He told her that he should not mind her having it, and she then said that she wanted the sum of £5 also, to pay to the Quakers Aid Society. White, who was a lady, said she would leave her watch and chain, and he should let her have the money. At the same time she said she would call and pay the money on the following Wednesday. He thought that the watch and chain were gold, but he found that they were only metal, and that the watch was only worth £1 5s.—Mrs. Jane White, wife of Mr. L'Estrange, bonnet maker, of 251, Regent-street, also proved that by similar representations, the prisoner, who pretended to faint, obtained a bonnet being of the value of £1 10s.—Elizabeth Sarah East, an assistant, corroborated Mrs. White.—Mr. Brown, ladies' hat maker, Bond-street, proved that prisoner called on him the previous day, and having heard of the other cases he caused her to be taken into custody.—Another person said he had advanced £20 under similar circumstances. He also held a watch.—The witnesses are of the most meretricious description possible.—The prisoner was remanded.—It was stated that there will be several other charges.

THE ROBBERY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER AT PADDINGTON.—Thomas Pusey and George Reeves have been fully committed for trial on the charge of robbing and attempting to murder Mrs. Green, of 5, Fulham-place, Paddington.

THE GREAT SUEK ROBBERY.—James Hunter, James Gillett, Thomas Smith, and Edwin Turnbull are committed for trial, charged with stealing ten bales of China raw silk, the property of the St. Katharine Dock Company.

ATTEMPT WITH INTENT TO MURDER.—Thomas Scott, who was last week charged with shooting Caroline Furze with intent to murder her, has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

MURDER IN SHEFFIELD.—The deputy coroner of Sheffield has held an inquest on the body of Eliza Fisher, aged 21 years, whose death had resulted from injuries received on the 6th inst. The young woman, it will be recollected, was shot in Carlisle Street East, by her stepfather, Thomas Townsend (by whom she had a child), because she had gone into service and refused to return to his house; Townsend destroyed himself immediately after shooting her. The ball had passed through the lower portion of Fisher's right lung, and lodged in the right lobe of the liver.—A verdict of Wilful Murder was recorded against Townsend.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—In the Sheriff's Court, on Thursday, was tried Felicité V. Ambler, a writ of enquiry to assess damages for breach of promise of marriage, judgment having gone by default. Damages laid at £1,000. The plaintiff was daughter of a wine merchant, in St. Mary-street, the defendant managed a grocer's shop in the Borough. The plaintiff became acquainted in 1858 with him by dealing at the shop, and he proposed himself to plaintiff's mother as plaintiff's suitor, and was accepted. His visits were constant till August last. His letters were couched in affectionate and endearing terms—she was his "own dear darling," and he had signed a letter when he went to Dublin that if she came over he would marry her in three months. She did not go to Dublin. He corresponded with her until within a short time of sending his wife with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Felsch, containing of her sending her son to his apartment. The bearer, he said, was Mrs. Ambler, his wife, and she was at liberty to say what she thought proper to her daughter. This interview affected the plaintiff, and she was laid up for three weeks. The defendant was a commercial traveller, and said he was to be raised from £120 to £15 a year. Verdict for the plaintiff. Damages £100.

MURDER AT BIRMINGHAM.—At Warwick Assizes, Midland Circuit, before Mr. Justice Willes, John Thompson, aged 42, wife drawer, was indicted for the murder of Anne Walker, at Birmingham, on the 24th of September last. The prisoner had consorted with the deceased for about three months. On the day in question the two came together to visit the fair, and having delayed until it was too late to return, they got a bed at N. 8, in Lancaster-street, which is kept by a Mrs. Felsch, containing of her sending her son to his apartment. The two got together at eleven o'clock, and she was at liberty to say what she thought proper to her daughter. This interview affected the plaintiff, and she was laid up for three weeks. The defendant was a commercial traveller, and said he was to be raised from £120 to £15 a year. Verdict for the plaintiff. Damages £100.

on the bed for a few minutes, and this being granted she immediately went up. Soon afterwards Thompson came in, and went upstairs to her. It should be stated that while out Mrs. Walker had met in the street a man with whom she had consorted, and that he had threatened to ill-use her, and thus gathered a crowd around them. Thompson and Walker had not been long upstairs before the woman who was down below heard a noise of quarrelling, and Buresford, the keeper of the house, went up and found that Mrs. Walker had knuckled the arm against the wall in some way, and that Thompson was rubbing it. She heard him say, "Will you go home to Sutton now!" to which Mrs. Walker replied, "No, I will not." Seeing that the two were moderately quiet, Buresford went downstairs, but no sooner had she sat down than she heard a stifled scream. A young woman named Elizabeth Green, an unfortunate, living in the house, went this time, and was horrified by seeing Thompson, who was then leaning over Mrs. Walker on the bed, stab the unfortunate woman in the neck with an open pocket-knife, and then drag her off the bed. Green ran down stairs screaming violently, while Buresford ran up and saw Thompson, who seemed to be quite cool, deliberately cutting the throat of his miserable mistress as she lay on the floor. When apprehended the prisoner said it was all through drink. Verdict—Wilful Murder. He was sentenced to be executed.

THE ARSENIC POISONINGS AT COVENTRY.—At the Warwick Assizes, William Beamish, weaver, was indicted for the murder of his wife, by poison, at Coventry on the 24th of August. Two children of the prisoner had also been poisoned, in the same way, and at the same time.—Mr. Wrightson, of Birmingham, gave evidence as to the contents of a jar which had been forwarded to him by Dr. Goate, of Coventry, for analysis. The analysis made by him showed that arsenic had gone or been present in the stomach, liver, the blood, of the heart, and the transverse colon. He had likewise subjected to analysis the stomach, part of the liver, and a quantity of the spleen of the child. A small portion of arsenic had been found in each, but a much smaller portion than in the case of the woman. In both cases he could come to no other conclusion than that death had resulted from poisoning by arsenic. The child must have died shortly after having the poison, as there were no traces of inflammation in its bowels.—Dr. G. G. of Coventry, the medical man called in by Beamish to attend the deceased, gave evidence as to her state during her sickness. The symptoms of deceased were identical with those of poisoning by arsenic.—Evidence was given to connect Beamish with the admixture of the poison. He was known to have purchased arsenic, on the pretence of requiring it to kill vermin.—The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and Mr. Justice Willes sentenced the prisoner to death, without hope of mercy.

A TRADES' UNION ASSAULT.—Patrick Ward was indicted at York Assizes for having, at Huddersfield on the 6th inst., wounded Thomas McKenny with intent to maim him.—The prosecutor is a sailor, and was in the employ of Mr. Goodwin, of Huddersfield. He was proceeding to his work on the morning of the 6th inst. when he was severely struck on the head and face by the prisoner with a poker, and wounded on the nose and head. It appeared from the statements which Ward subsequently made, that the prosecutor had given him offence by going to work when there was a strike. The prisoner was found guilty. Mr. Justice Willes said it was a monstrous tyranny for persons who refused to be employed, except on certain terms, to oblige others to refrain from exercising their discretion of working for what wages they pleased. The judge then sentenced the prisoner to three years' penal servitude.

RESPECTABLE NUN Y. ARNFIELD.—who was convicted of the murder of her infant child at Drysdale, and sentenced to death, has been respited.

Stubbis, the proprietor of the well known *Mercantile Circular* or *Black List* has just obtained a verdict of "one farthing damages" against the proprietors of *Lloyd's Newspaper* for an alleged libel. The *Circular* was referred to in the course of the trial in anything but terms of approval by both bar and bench.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE.—A few weeks ago a young man named William Thornton, in the employ of H. J. Fox and Co., drapers, at Dinecourt, was suddenly missed. Prior to his disappearance, Thornton wrote a short note to the following effect, and left it in his bed-room at his mother's house:—"I, William Thornton, do most solemnly direct, except the person who first finds these few lines will make it known, that I have drowned myself, and that my body will be found between the New River Tavern and the Mill Bridge." It was consequently suspected that the youth had drowned himself, and a reward was offered for the discovery of his body, but as it could not be found, popular opinion began to take a different current, and it was thought that he would some day turn up in an unexpected manner. The deceased's written statement, however, proved to be correct, as the body was found on Wednesday last by a man named James Hunt, floating in a small arm of the river Don, called the Chesewold. An inquest was held at the Town Hall the same evening, when the jury returned a verdict that the deceased committed suicide while in an unsound state of mind. The cause of the rash act is supposed to be a disappointed sentiment in love. Deceased was eighteen years of age, and if he had lived to attain his majority would have come into possession of considerable property.

FATHER SHOT BY HIS SON AT BIRMINGHAM.—James Millard, a stamper, residing at Adelaide-street, Lombard-street, Birmingham, has been shot in the head by his son, John Millard, a youth aged seventeen years, under the following extraordinary circumstances: Shortly after nine o'clock on Wednesday week, John Millard went home with a pistol he had bought, and after playing with it and admiring it for some time, loaded it. Soon afterwards his father came home in a state of intoxication, and sat down. For some time he watched the son playing with the pistol, and then quietly asked him to shoot him. The son raised the pistol, but his mother interposed and begged him to leave the house, but did not go far away, and as she was returning she heard the report of a pistol from the direction of the house, and almost immediately her son ran out and said, "I have shot my father." She at once entered the house, and found her husband lying down on the floor, shot in the head with a pistol bullet. The sufferer, who was insensible, was conveyed to the Queen's Hospital, where he died early next morning.

BOAT ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF FIVE LIVES.—We regret to learn that a melancholy accident occurred on Wednesday to a fishing-boat off Burnmouth, near Berwick, by which five men lost their lives. It appeared that the boat was exceedingly rough, and that between one and two o'clock the afternoon the boat—being heavily laden with fish, and filled with water and sank. Two young men were saved, but five of the crew, all of whom were married men, were drowned. We have not received any further particulars of this melancholy occurrence.—*Sootman.*

SUICIDE.—A married woman, named Ridgway, residing at No. 15, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street, committed suicide last week. It seems that the husband of deceased had been out of employment for some time, and that their only means of maintenance were derived from her small earnings as a laundress. After breakfast the husband went out in search of work. His unfortunate wife, who is described as a hard-working and sober woman, had been washing all the morning in the kitchen; but about twenty minutes to eleven o'clock, a female named Letitia Farrow, who lived in the house, entered the kitchen, and found Mrs. Ridgway hanging by her neck to a ligature fastened to the upper part of the room, close against the area window. Miss Farrow called for assistance, when Mr. Buer, who lives in the same house, ran into the kitchen and cut the unfortunate creature down. Medical attendance was quickly obtained, but not in time to be of any assistance, as life was extinct. The deceased was between 60 and 65 years of age.

RAILWAY ROBBERIES IN YORKSHIRE.—The offence of plundering goods wagons on railways in the West Riding of Yorkshire has been of rather frequent occurrence for some time, and at the recent intermediate sessions at Bradford, George Haxley, a young farmer, was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment for stealing cloth from a wagon on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway at Seewby. Since then a charge of a similar nature was brought against Benjamin Fletcher, a middle-aged man, lately living in Otley-road, in that town, who has been a sort of hawk. In this case the directors of the Great Northern Railway Company are the prosecutors. He has been committed for trial.

THE BANK OF DEPOSIT.—The fact that Mr. Peter Morrison, the managing director of the Deposit Bank, has been allowed to elude the inquiries made after him, has excited more indignation than surprise. When the break up of this concern was first announced, it was suggested that the most vigilant watch should be kept on Mr. Morrison's movements, and an assurance was given that such would be the case. He was then in London, and had the boldness to write to the various journals, expressing favourable anticipations of the prospects of the bank, and at the same time, by a series of letters, to keep the public in the dark as to his whereabouts, and to prevent any inquiry into his conduct. It is now known that he has fled to some foreign port, and is at present in the hands of the police.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES, &c.

DEURY-LANE THEATRE.—The pantomime at this theatre called "Harlequin and the House that Jack Built; or, Old Mother Hubbard and her Wonderful Dog," is contributed by Mr. E. L. Blanchard. The interior of Mother Hubbard's Cottage is the first scene, where we find that worthy lady has invited to tea her sister celebrities, Dame Wiggins, of Lee, and Dame Trot, with her wonderful cat. The tea party is not, however, without a purpose, for the deceased owner of the neighbouring Rookwood Hall, having been succeeded by a young squire who has a mania for burning witches, and rather a bad reputation generally, the three hold a consultation as to the best mode of punishing his wickedness. An incantation in the witches' glen by moonlight enables them to obtain some important hints, and, amongst others, they find that, by an old forest charter, anybody who gets a house built on common ground between sunset and sunrise has a right to hold that house and grounds for ever after. A good-natured youth, but rather "tattered and torn," and to be recognised as Jack, is their *protège*, and they undertake to make him a greater personage than the Squire. Accordingly, after the great village festival of the young Squire coming of age, and his installation into the property, a troop of little builders set about constructing Jack's house under Mother Hubbard's supervision. The Squire is finally punished, in strict accordance with the laws of dramatic retribution, gives up his estate to the now wealthy Jack, and a general reconciliation takes place in the brilliant transformation scene of Will o' the Wisp's Fairy Home. Mr. Atkins is Mother Hubbard, Mr. Tom Matthews the Squire, and Miss Hunt the hero Jack. The harlequinade is abundantly stocked with the usual quips and quiddities that the events of the past memorable year have suggested. Mr. Forrest and Mr. Hulme are the Clowns, Mr. Gormack and Mr. St. Maize the Harlequins, the Misses Guinness the Columbinas, and the Pantaloon and Spriess are by Mr. Tanner and a troupe of Indian-rubber Acrobats. Mr. William Beverley's scenery, Mr. James Tully's music, Dykewyke's funny creations, and Mr. Robert Roxby's supervision have secured all the advantages that can be expected.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The materials resorted to in concocting the Christmas Pantomime at this theatre are the adventures of Gulliver in Brobdingnag, Lilliput, and Laputa. *Scene 1* introduces us to the Temple of Pantomime, which is evidently fast going to decay—the Genius of Pantomime, looking "uncommonly seedy," deplores the melancholy fact that she is getting older and older every year. She, however, determines to make one effort more, and summonses to her aid a number of old, well-known, and popular pantomime characters to assist her; they however, declare their inability to do so; and the Genius of Pantomime is about to "shut up shop," when Fairies Fun and Fancy appear, and commiserating "Genius in distress," convey her to scene 2, the Fairy Realm of Fun and Fancy, and there surrounded by the fairy court, suggest "Gulliver's Travels" as

"a subject fit

"to the tastes of Boxes, Gallery, and Pit." *Scene 3* shows us the Coast of Brobdingnag. Gulliver and his sister Nell are discovered approaching the shore in a boat; Gulliver lands, and while he is viewing with astonishment the enormous proportions of everything around him—the colossal castles, stupendous cookies, gigantic periwinkles, &c., &c.—Mrs. Gulliver begins to fish from the boat, but unluckily gets a bite from a Brobdingnagian codfish, is pulled head first into the water. She is, however, saved by her crinoline, and lands, to the infinite delight of her husband. In scene 4 the both and themselves in a Brobdingnagian interior, which evidently serves for "bedroom, nursery, kitchen, and all." A series of misadventures here occur too numerous to mention, but sufficiently disagreeable enough to make them right glad to effect their escape. We then and ourselves with our hero and heroine on the coast of Lilliput; the vessel in which they have made their escape from the inhospitable shores of Brobdingnag is seen wrecked in the distance, and the hapless travellers are discovered drenched and dry on a rock. While Gulliver is conveying Mrs. G. to land in a wheelbarrow, a *de Blondin*, they both take a "header" into the ocean, from which the lady is saved by the timely appearance of the Flying Island, then on its passage to Laputa. Gulliver manages to swim to shore, where he falls exhausted. In this state he is discovered by the little men and women of Lilliput, and being bound hand and foot, the great Man Mountain is carried off in triumph to feast the eyes of their Emperor and his court. Meanwhile, Mrs. Gulliver having duly arrived in Laputa by means of the Flying Island, has the honor of being presented to the king of that celebrated country, who, although in a deep brown study, from which he is roused by sundry raps on his royal pericranium, most graciously consents to Mrs. Gulliver being set at liberty, and further appoints her a fitting escort in the persons of his Lord Chamberlain and Master of the Horse. We next find the Emperor and Empress of Lilliput, and their court, assembled in scene 8, the Summer Marine Palace of his Majesty the Emperor of Lilliput, awaiting in all anxiety the arrival of the great Man Mountain, the account of whose gigantic and colossal stature has filled their minds with curiosity, not unmingled with apprehension. Gulliver is led forth from his prison-house, and on his promising to keep the peace towards his majesty and his majesty's subjects, he is released from his bonds, and ultimately proves that his royal clemency has not been misplaced, by capturing the whole of the Blefuscan fleet then threatening to bombard the capital, but subsequently arouses the Emperor's indignation, who, forgetful of his obligations to Gulliver for his distinguished services, orders a general charge of his Lilliputian forces against the Man Mountain, who is only too glad to beat a retreat. The several parties are afterwards reunited in the transformation scene, in which a combination of new and patented effects will be introduced by Mr. W. Calcott.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The pantomime here is founded on a nursery rhyme, and is essentially a children's pantomime, the story of Miss Muffet and the Spider, combined with that of "Little Boy Blue, blow your horn," being the foundation of the plot, which runs thus:—Ever so long ago, when shepherdesses were much prettier dressed than they are now, there lived one named Little Miss Muffet, who, being very genteel, was never spoken of by her Christian name. She was so fond of curds and whey that she would sit on a tuffet under a tree all day long to eat them, till she fell fast asleep. It happened that a large Spider, called King Tarantula by some, and Old Daddy Long-legs by others, fell in love with her; but he met with no encouragement, as she was engaged to Little Boy Blue,

who minded her father's sheep and cow. One day the Spider, when Miss Muffet had fallen asleep, dropped from a tree on the tuffet on which she reclined—and not only sat down beside her, but kissed her—on which Miss Muffet jumped up and boxed his ears; when the Spider became so enraged that he bit her, which caused Miss Muffet to fall senseless; he, seeing what he had done, ran away. Now the bite of Tarantula was of such a nature, that only the sound of music could wake up any one who had become stupefied by such a bite. Little Boy Blue coming that way, and seeing Miss Muffet asleep, blew a pretty tune on his horn, which woke her up; and finding no one near her but her lover, she fell with joy into his arms. The Young Queen of the Bees, who was a fairy, coming up at the time—and being the protectress of Little Boy Blue—invited him, with Miss Muffet, to a party to be given by her and all her Bees, to which they went, and passed the evening most delightfully in dancing and eating cake. The Spider, wanting to make away with his rival, consulted the Old Queen Bee—who was the mortal enemy of the Young Queen—when she advised him to bite the Little Boy, and run away with Miss Muffet. The Spider suddenly met Little Boy Blue, jumped upon him, and bit him, till he fell asleep under a hay-cock. While this was taking place the haymakers were making merry at Miss Muffet's Father's, where the Spider, with others, appeared amongst them, which so frightened everybody that Daddy Long-legs easily seized hold of Miss Muffet, carried her away, and kept her a prisoner in his web, where he attempted to burn her alive because she would not consent to become Mrs. Daddy Long-legs. But Little Boy Blue found her out, and with the assistance of his friends released her from her dreadful situation, when the Young Queen Bee changed Little Boy Blue into Harlequin and Miss Muffet into Columbine. But the Old Queen being still resolved to annoy the Young Queen, changed the Spider into Pantaloon, and his esquire, Moneyspinner—who was always of great use to him when anything wicked was to be done—into the Clown, with orders to follow the lovers wherever they went. After many strange scenes, their pursuers becoming weary of the chase, gave up troubling Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue, who shortly after married and settled, and became the father and mother of a very large family. The scenery of the fairy story is painted by Mr. Frederick Fenton, and that of the harlequinade by Messrs. O'Connor and Morris. The title of the pantomime is "Little Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue; or, Harlequin and Old Daddy Long-legs."

LYCEUM THEATRE.—The Christmas entertainment at this theatre is entitled "A decidedly erratic and slightly operatic version of the popular nursery tale of Little Red Riding Hood." The bills further state that the piece is composed by the Fairies of the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle, and edited, or as common mortals would say, written, by Leicester Buckingham. Considerable liberties have been taken with the plot of the original fable. In the first scene we find Little Red Riding Hood residing in England, betrothed to a rustic lover, Colin, and pursued by the aid of his squire Diavolino, a knavish fellow, who has induced his master to believe that he has power over the demon world, which is a pure invention. The Fairies interpose for her protection, and give her a magic sprig, by plucking a bud from which she will always be rescued from peril. Pursued by the Baron, she first changes into a tree, then comes forth in the guise of a British sailor, and ultimately resolving to fly to Scotland sinks into the earth, from which a rose bush rises in her place. In the second scene we find ourselves in Scotland, whither Colin had wandered on foot in search of his beloved, while the Baron has been drawn there by Diavolino on a wooden horse which he firmly believes to be moved by magical power. The third scene is also in Scotland, and there Red Riding Hood, after having found an asylum among the peasantry, is again encountered by the Baron. Flying from him, she is apparently crushed by a falling rock, but she speedily emerges in the garb of a Highland chieftain, and, being again threatened with capture, she once more sinks through mother earth by way of taking a short cut to Ireland. The fourth scene shows us at a single glance the exterior and interior of the cottage of Red Riding Hood's grandmother, where the old story is frequently followed, save in the climax, where the little lady, instead of being eaten up, is suddenly transformed into an Irish lad, and flies, pursued by the Baron and his Squire; of course, it is needless to say that the heroine is saved at last, and married to her honest lover, who has faithfully followed her through all her peregrinations. These changes afford Messrs. Grieve and Telbin an opening for the introduction of some beautiful and characteristic scenery. Mr. Telbin has supplied a series of semi-panoramic, semi-dioramic views of the Lakes of Killarney, which take the place of a transformation scene, differing from it in this respect, that they lead up to the climax of the story, instead of coming in as a mere gorgeous mechanical display after the action is at an end. Miss Lydia Thompson plays Red Riding Hood; Miss Cicely Roth her rustic lover, Colin; Mr. Warlow the Baron; and Mr. Charles Selby his knavish Squire.

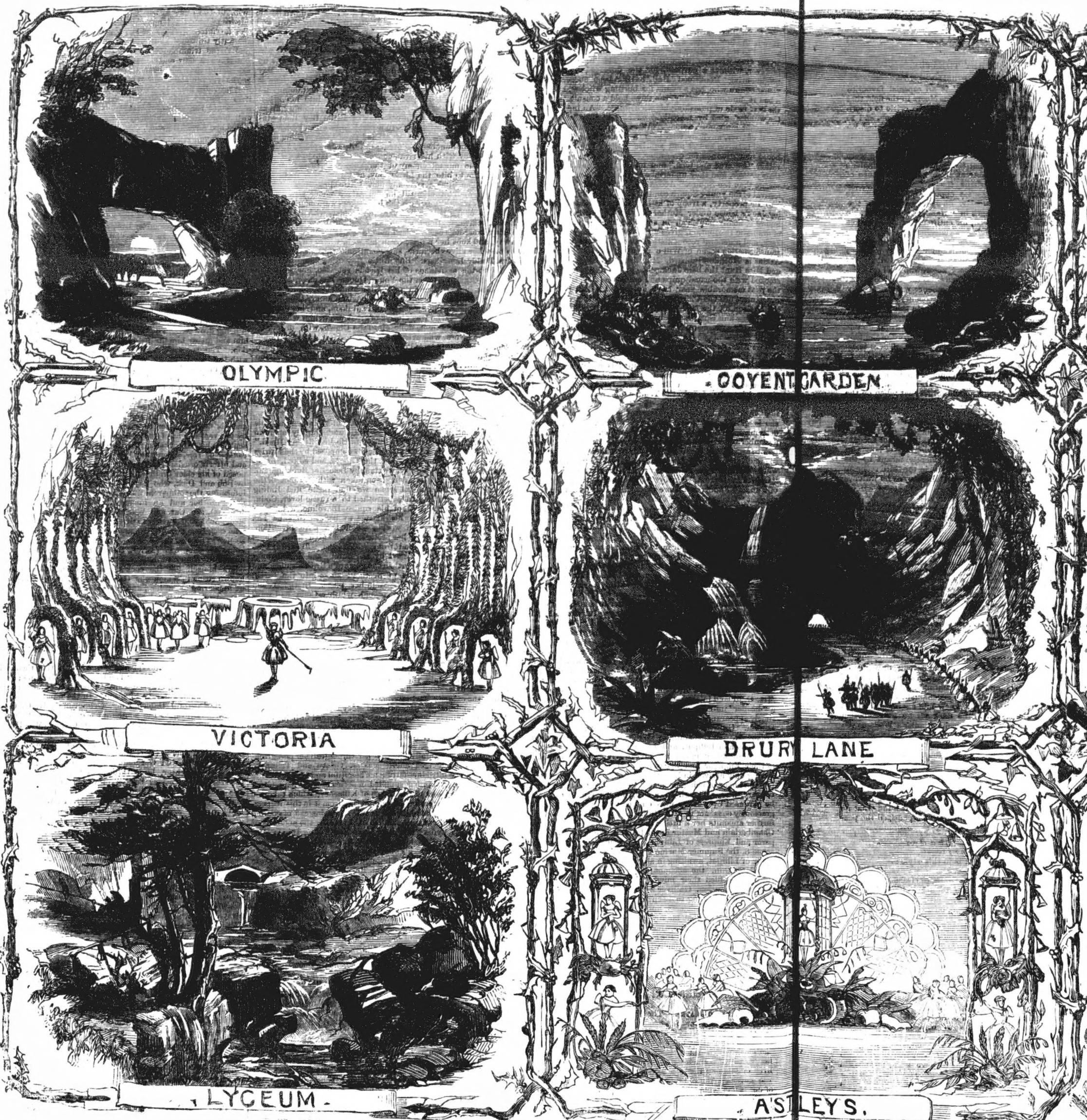
ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The new Christmas extravaganza here is from the pen of Mr. Wm. Brough, and is founded on the well-known legend of "Perseus and Andromeda." The course of events in the mythological story is pretty closely followed. The grand banquet occurs, at which the tyrant Polydorus exacts the tribute from each of his noble guests of a magnificently caparisoned horse, a demand which Perseus alone cannot comply with, from poverty, and, consequently, is condemned to perform some impossible achievement in lieu. Perseus undertakes to subdue the Gorgon Medusa, and bring home her head to the King; and Minerva appears to Perseus and presents him with Pluto's helmet, having the power of rendering the wearer invisible, and she herself lends him her bright shield, which will reflect the Gorgon's image. Mercury presents him with his winged shoes to enable him to move with lightning-like speed; and Vulcan gives him a dagger of adamant proof. We are next introduced to Ethiopia, the country of the ill-fated Andromeda, her royal parents, Cepheus and Cassiope, lamenting their national woes, which can only be ended by the sacrifice of their child Andromeda. In the following scene she is bound to a rock, waiting the devouring monster. Perseus, however, passing that way on his return from the conquest of Medusa, beholds Andromeda (Miss Herbert) chained, and releases her from her bonds, much to the indignation of the monster (Mr. J. Robins), who threatens both; but Perseus, with Pluto's helmet, becomes invisible, while with the dagger given him by Vulcan he succeeds in destroying the monster. Andromeda's hand is then bestowed by her grateful parents on her deliverer. Perseus carries his

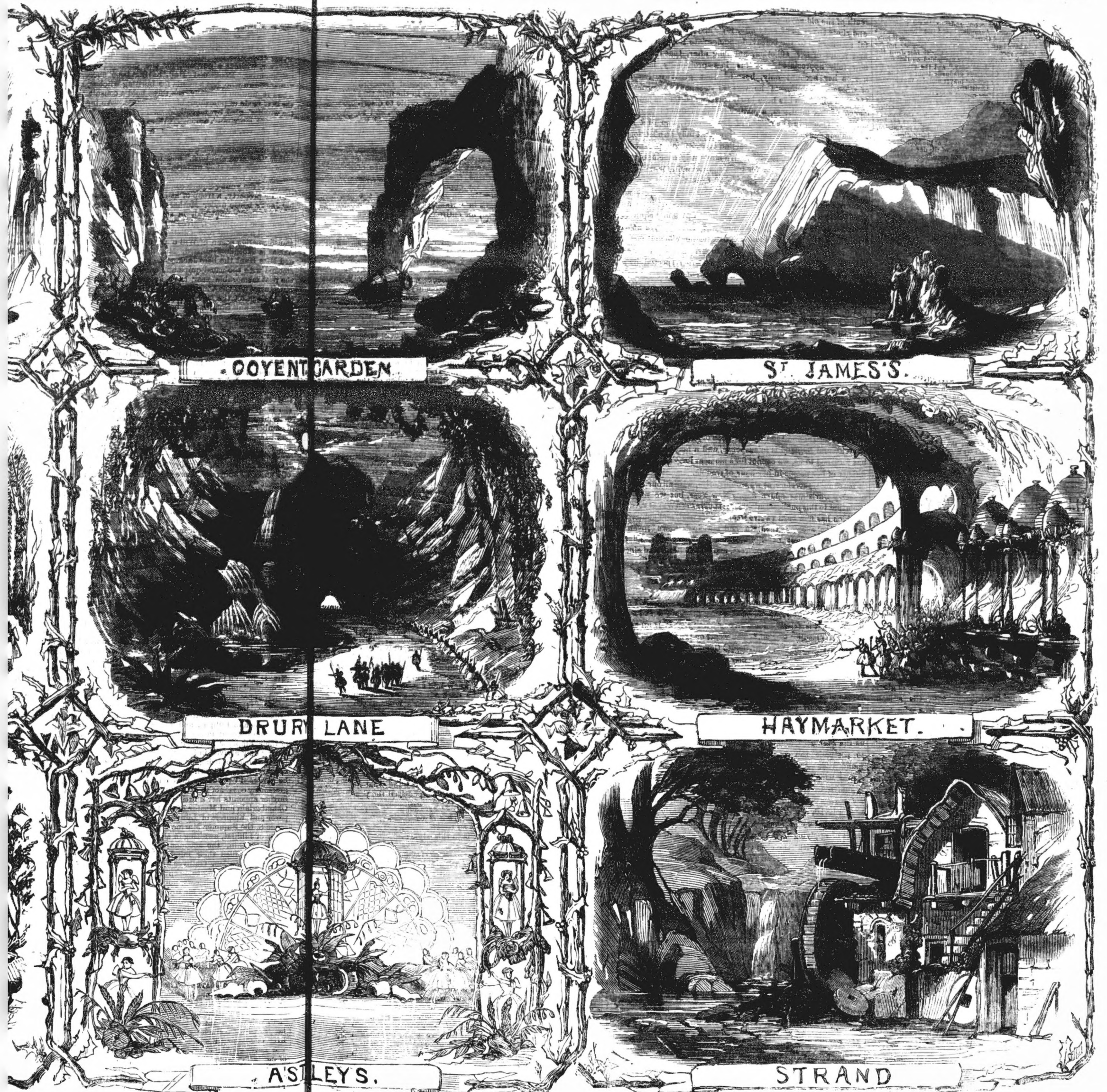
betrothed with him home to Periphas, where they arrive just in time to prevent Danae from being dragged, against her will, to the altar by the tyrant Polydorus. By exhibiting Medusa's head fixed upon Minerva's shield Perseus witnesses the fearful occurrence of the King and all his court being instantly transformed to stone. Thus, with villainy defeated and virtue triumphant, the story might be supposed to end, but Minerva now enters as the Spirit of Extravagance, and explaining that she cannot endure a really tragical end for anybody, even the cruellest of tyrants, at such a festive season, first provides for the safety of the lovers and their friends, and then restores their defeated foes to life. The final tableau represents the departure of Perseus and Andromeda for their own homes, accompanied by their retinue in a magnificent gilded and jewelled galley.

STANDARD THEATRE.—The Christmas piece here is from the pen of Mr. Henry J. Byron, and is entitled "Puss in a New Pair of Boots," a version of the adventures of the Marquis of Carabas. The two elder sons of the deceased miller have seized all the property, with the exception of a Cat, which they generously hand over to Sweet William (Miss Ada Swanborough). A fairy, who seeks aims in the disguise of an old woman, and who is roughly treated by Bob and Dick (Miss Lavine and Mr. J. H. Turner), but protected by Will, takes the Cat and its owner under her especial care; and Will starts on his adventures. In the second scene King Noodlehead the Ninth (Mr. J. Rogers), a monarch who has killed his elder brother in a quarrel and usurped his dominions, having caused the rightful heir, his nephew, to be lost, has three daughters—the Princess Biddi (Miss Lester), the Princess Coobiddi (Miss Tartie) and the Princess Chickabiddi (Miss Fanny Hughes). The first two are selfish and envious, while the third is everything that is charming. While the royal party is in the forest the Cat enters, announces that his master, the young Marquis of Carabas, has fallen into the river, and is in danger of being drowned. The King orders his retainers to rescue him and attire him in fresh habiliments worthy of his station. The supposed Marquis enters, is immediately struck with the charms of the Princess Chickabiddi, and by the advice of Puss leads off the royal party to his country mansion, the cat going before and frightening the reapers, hop-pickers, and wood-cutters into declaring that the surrounding property belongs to the Marquis of Carabas. In the third scene, the Ogre (Mr. J. Clarke), who is not only an ogre but a lawyer, appears and informs the audience of his love for Chickabiddi and his determination to carry her off. The King, overcome by the vast extent of the Marquis's possessions, gives his consent to his daughter's marriage with him, and all appears *coulour de rose*, when the Ogre appears, carries off his prey, and utterly crushes the King by accusing him of having disposed of his elder brother. All is confusion, which is increased by Bob and Dick, who have become the Ogre's "creatures," informing the Monarch that his presumptuous entertainer is their brother and an impostor. The Fairy (Miss Fanny Josephs), the Cat, and Will, then agree to storm the Ogre's stronghold, and Puss is to divert his attention, while the King, who has gone out of his mind, enters and indulges in a mad scene. The next scene is the Ogre's home. The Ogre brings home his new wife (Mr. E. Dawes) and is about to enjoy a dinner of a grilled blue-coat boy, when the Cat enters and offers himself for the cook's place. Then follows the well-known scene in which the Ogre seeks to frighten his visitor by appearing as a lion, and then falls a victim to his own powers of versatility by being pounced upon and killed the instant he changes himself into a mouse. The usual happy termination winds up the piece. The scenery is by Mr. Albert Calcott; the music, some of which is original, is composed and arranged by Mr. Frank Musgrave, and the entire piece is produced under the management of Mr. W. H. Swanborough and Mr. Parselle.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The novelty at this theatre is a new extravaganza, entitled "The King of the Merrows; or, the Prince and the Piper," the joint composition of Messrs. F. C. Burnand and J. Palgrave Simpson. In the fabulous history of Ireland, a certain Danish King, Grimgruffo (Mr. G. Cooke), successfully invaded the southern coast, and after killing the native king, imprisoned Prince Feague O'Connor (Miss Hughes), son of the murdered monarch, and lawful heir to the crown. The young prince has, however, fallen in love with Sabrina, a Mermaid Princess (Miss Cottrell), who returns his passion. On refusing to wed Gorgonia (Mrs. Stephens), the Danish King's stepdaughter, he is thrown by Grimgruffo's order into the sea, the cavernous bottom of which is inhabited by the Mermaid Princess and her relatives. The Prince is caught, and becomes the prisoner of Coomara (Mr. H. Wigan), the Mermaid King. Zephyrina (Miss Hayden), the Fairy Queen, guardian of the O'Connor family, is implored by Sabrina to liberate the unfortunate Prince. But Zephyrina's power, unfortunately, is limited. There is, however, a poor Irishman, Dan (Mr. F. Robson), the late Danish King's piper, who by feigning idleness has not only escaped the invader's sword, but on account of his musical powers is established as court piper. This individual is chosen to be the Prince's liberator. Zephyrina pronounces a spell upon the pipes which are Dan's constant companions, so that the sound of one pipe shall make every one dance, while the other shall cause every one to run away. Dan, wandering on the sea shore, plays a tune upon the first of these charmed pipes. In an instant the sea is in commotion, and old Coomara, attracted by the magic sounds, rises from the ocean and implores the piper to accompany him below. Dan plunges into the sea on hearing the Prince's voice below the waves, and, moreover, because he has received from Coomara the protecting talisman of a magic hat. At the request of Coomara he plays the pipes, to the tune of which the ogre dances, until falling down senseless and exhausted, his captives, the Prince and Sabrina, seize the opportunity, and, possessing themselves of the requisite talismans, escape, ascending through the water to the upper earth. Coomara returns to his senses, and in revenge transforms Dan, the piper, still his prisoner, into a sea-monster, in which form he is by chance, however, hauled up from the sea and landed in the Royal Fishing Grounds by the King's Prime Minister, Muffrum. A variety of other adventures follow to the principal characters, and finally the "good Fairy" enables Dan to resume his own form. Coomara, by his marriage with a mortal, is deprived of his marine power, and Prince Feague and Sabrina ascend the throne.

(For continuation of Pantomimes see page 187.)





SCENES FROM THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. P.—Saturday is the seventh day of the week, and Sunday the first. The word "Sabbath" originally meant rest. According to the Old Testament, the Almighty rested on the seventh day, and therefore blessed it and made it holy. This commandment seems to have been meant, in the first instance, not for Jews only, but for the whole human race. But, as Jesus Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week, and the apostles assembled on that day in the Lord's presence, it was called the "Lord's-day," and the reverence for seventh day of the week was by the Christians gradually transferred to the first day of the week. The change of the day for prayer and rest thus became a mark of distinction between Jews and Christians, though some few Christians (the Sabbatarians) still keep up the more correct Sabbath, instead of what they call the modern Jewish festival of Sunday. They maintain that the Jewish Sabbath was never abrogated. The old English puritans were called Sabbatarians though they regarded Sunday as the Sabbath, but the name of Sabbatarian was also applied to the Seventh-day Baptists. There are but few of this last sect in England now, but they are very numerous in America. They say that Sunday was the day of the sun—a pagan institution. The seventh day was a holy one. Hesiod and Homer speak of the holiness of the seventh day. Many Christians think that the choice of the day is of no importance, so long as one day in seven is kept holy, and consider that if the day were fixed, there would be no little difficulty in adjusting the time in different parts of the world in different latitudes and longitudes.

W. H. J. asks us whether Shakespeare's name is properly spelt with or without the *e* in the first syllable. The spelling of proper names was very uncertain in Shakespeare's day. In the entries of a book of the Common Council of the Corporation of Stratford, the family name is spelt in seventeen different ways, and it is supposed that our great poet varied his own spelling of his name. There is no doubt that the name originally had a warlike meaning. Perhaps the first who bore it knew how to *shake a spear*. Spencer alludes to him as one—

Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound.

And Ben Jonson says—

He seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eye of ignorance.

Yet Charles Knight and others, and indeed, most writers, persist in spelling the name *Shakespeare*, which is a shock to the ear. Why should we deprive our poet even of a single letter, especially when that single letter gives more significance to his immortal name? John Andrew, an eminent English antiquary of the 17th century, spells the name with its full complement of letters, "Mr. William Shakespeare was wont to go," says Andrew, "into Warwickshire once a year." Ben Jonson spelt his contemporary's name as we wish every Englishman would spell it. The following couplet is from Ben's lines on a portrait of Shakespeare—

This figure, that thou seest not,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut.

The editors of the genuine editions of Shakespeare's works, published in his lifetime, spelt his name with the middle and final *e*.

All business letters and orders for advertisements must be addressed to Mr. William Oliver, publisher, 13, Catherine-street, Strand, in whose favour Post-office orders, payable at the Strand office, must be drawn. All communications in the literary and news departments to be addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," as above.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish to have noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed "to the Editor of the 'Illustrated Weekly News,' 13, Catherine-street, Strand, London."

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

We should rejoice if, according to the genial ancient custom, we could wish all our readers "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year." But the late calamity in the first household of the land, the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's, the booming of minute guns, the lowering of all British flags, the black shutters in shop windows, the cessation of all business for eight-and-forty hours, but two days before Christmas-day, the general signs of mourning, and the thought of the long funeral procession that darkened all the way, and in its very pompousness and solemnity taught the nothingness of earthly greatness, have filled all hearts with images of gloom and sorrow, most painfully inconsistent with the season. There is no merry Christmas this year for the loyal people of the British Isles. For even those few who may not fully realise the greatness of the public loss, must still sympathise profoundly, we may say affectionately, with the unspeakable domestic trouble of their widowed Queen and the fatherless Royal children—a household to which it would be a cruel insult to send the compliments of the season. If we are to believe the unanimous press of England, and the signs of sadness in all directions, no Royal death save that of the Princess Charlotte, has gone so directly to the heart of the nation to be a private grief to every individual, as the death of Prince Albert. It is not, indeed, a simple sorrow concentrated on a single object, but a reflex or mixed emotion, compounded of deep regret for the sudden loss of the male head of British Society, a virtuous, wise, accomplished, and patriotic Prince, and a still deeper sorrow for the terrible trial which is to test the Christian heroism and fortitude of his widowed wife, who now that "the mild manhood" is taken from her side must bear the undivided burden of all her political anxieties and domestic calamities, at perhaps the most critical juncture of her life.

The English people have, perhaps, a somewhat ungenerous mistrust of all foreigners, and Prince Albert, even in the first pride and bloom and grace of youth, peculiarly handsome in person, a thorough gentleman by nature and education, with liberal tastes and a rare amenity of demeanour, the freely elected partner of their fair Sovereign, cannot be said to have quite secured the confidence he deserved. All his prudence, and self-restraint, and self-sacrifice—his thorough adoption of his new country, his never-ceasing care and labour in the arrangement of all our national works, his never-fading zeal in the cause of all the arts and sciences calculated to elevate the minds of the people, and improve their physical condition, did not obtain for him that unbounded admiration and gratitude with which

he is regarded now that death has set its seal upon his character. Never have we had a stronger illustration of the truth of the old saying, that "death opens the gate of fame and shuts the gate of envy after it;" and it will be a mournful satisfaction to the bereaved and desolate Royal lady in the first hours of her affliction, and long after, that his value is now fully appreciated, and his loss profoundly lamented, not on her account only, but of that great nation also of whose best interests he was so strenuous a promoter. If Queen Elizabeth has been justly commended for the judicious choice of her ministers, a similar praise is due to our then youthful Queen in the choice of her Consort, who in a most anomalous and delicate position proved not only an affectionate and faithful husband, and careful and conscientious parent, but a wise and prudent counsellor. We may fairly conclude, then, his personal influence was for good and not evil, for when has our Gracious Sovereign disappointed or vexed her people? It is impossible to praise too highly his prudent reserve and unobtrusiveness on all party questions, and the wisdom and good sense which he always exhibited in his painfully equivocal position. The Royal Household under his directions, in unison with those of the most virtuous and domestic wife and mother in the rôle of British History, was a model for every family in the land, and never has Royalty been more respected by all ranks of people than during the last twenty years in Great Britain. There was a daily beauty in the lives of Queen Victoria and Her Royal Consort of which the English nation has a peculiarly prompt and homefelt appreciation. The highest aristocracy of our country are easily taught to feel that the proudest rank or position does not properly exempt them from the humblest duties and observances of well-regulated life; and thus, in spite of social distinctions, the British people in all gradations feel that they are linked together by the general ties of nature, and realise the feeling that the nation is but one great family. This is especially the case in our old festivals and on all great occasions of public mourning or rejoicing; and now that we have just laid our Sovereign's husband in the grave, and solemnised his death, and the great question of peace or war between America and England is in suspense, and a holy annual season has returned to us, we cannot for a moment forget the bereaved mother of her people in her hour of trouble.

We cannot, therefore, as we would desire, wish all our readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, but we may tell them that to this publication—"THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS"—which has now been twelve weeks on its trial, and achieved a far greater success than we had anticipated, we mean to devote all our best exertions during the next year, all the energy and ability we may possess, and all the funds and sinews of war that we can command, in order to render it still more deserving of public patronage.

We are sorry to see in our really able and respectable contemporary, the *Star*, an editorial which presents a sad specimen of what is falsely named *strong writing*. It is an attack upon "the leading journal." The *Times* on the first intelligence of the seizure of the Confederate Commissioners set a noble example to the rest of the press by its calm and magnanimous moderation of tone. Since that a change has come over the spirit of its dream, and it is now vehemently urging on the people of England to strife and bloodshed. It has indulged itself in a most provoking and ill-timed recapitulation of all past grounds of dispute with the Americans. We need not say that we disapprove of this line of conduct quite as much as the *Star* does, and think that it would have been far better to postpone the consideration of old grievances until we found that America had come to the determination to refuse us all explanation, apology, or redress. But strong arguments are more effective than abusive epithets, and we are concerned to see in so excellent a paper as the *Star* such a lavish use of insulting phrases, too nearly resembling that vocabulary of abuse which William Cobbett was in the habit of applying to the leading journal. The *Star's* editorial commences with the elegantly alliterative expression—"Base, brutal, and bloody as the *Times*;" and then come such adjectives as venomous, demoniac, fiendish, false, bloodthirsty, satanic, and such phrases as malevolent ravings, hellborn plot, &c., &c., all in one article. There is a fatal facility in this sort of writing which tempts some editors when in a passion with an antagonist, to forget the dignity of their position, and to lower the character of the press.

THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.—This is still the general topic of discussion, and the talk of every club and coterie, as well as the stock subject of our public men in their published addresses. Last week the religious portion of the metropolitan public gave expression to their feelings on the subject of our relations with America in a manner which was at once earnest and impressive, in a united prayer meeting, held at Exeter Hall. Lord Robert Montague, in addressing a meeting at Huntingdon, gave expression to his views on the subject. He went so far as to assert and to argue that the seizure of the Confederate Commissioners on board the Trent was a perfectly legal act—that, to use his own language, "the Americans had merely exercised the indubitable rights of belligerents." Mr. Charles Buxton has also addressed his constituents in Maidstone on the question. The hon. gentleman, with great earnestness and force, argued in favour of submitting the difficulty to arbitration.

Notes

ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—*As You Like It*

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.

MR. PHELPS'S OTHELLO.

SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy of "Othello" is an especial favourite this season. There are so many jealous Moors in the field that it is a rather difficult and delicate task for the critic to discriminate the characteristic merits and defects of each, and to decide which of the number is upon the whole the truest representative of the Moorish hero. We shall evade that task for the present, and confine our remarks to Mr. Phelps's *Othello*, at the Surrey Theatre on Saturday last. We were so well pleased with the *Hamlet* of Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells that we anticipated a treat from his performance of *Othello* at the Surrey. Perhaps the expectation was not quite reasonable, considering what opposite qualifications are demanded for the two parts. Mr. Phelps gave some of the finest of the thoughtful passages in "Hamlet" with admirable accuracy and effect, and, indeed, his entire performance in that play seemed entitled to high praise. But his *Othello* is unquestionably a failure. Boxes, pit, and gallery were all equally disappointed; and considering in how many passages in the part the force of nature in the poet brings down applause upon even the most ordinary actor, who will only deliver the text with some care and clearness, the few occasional expressions of approbation from the audience were singularly faint and unenthusiastic. But even the secondary or negative merit of distinct and accurate delivery was in this case wanting, for Mr. Phelps gave many of the finest passages in so low a murmur or whisper, and started over so many exquisite expressions that, if we had not had almost every word of the play by heart, we should have failed to follow him. There is no greater injustice to the author, and no greater provocation to the audience, and no greater drawback from the actor's own success, than this indistinctness of enunciation in significant and important passages. It may seem strange that so experienced an actor as Mr. Phelps should forget that when on the stage of a large theatre he is not in a studious quiet closet, or in a small parlour with his listeners at his elbows. Perhaps his error is partly occasioned by his having been so long accustomed to the boards of one of the smallest of our theatres, where the lowest tones are audible. But this will not account for, or excuse, the subdued and imperfect delivery of bursts of impetuous passion or deep emotion, evidently meant by the poet to be demonstrative. When *Othello*, in the third scene of the third act, exclaims with ecstatic admiration, as he watches Desdemona retiring from his presence—

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Clings it to me again!

Mr. Phelps seemed afraid that he should be overheard, and his low voice and tranquil manner indicated rather the calm rumination of the philosopher than the passionate fervour of the lover. And how cold, too, was his delivery of *Othello's* exultant and loving greeting of Desdemona after the tempest:—

It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death, &c., &c.

And then again:—

I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops my here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest joys be [Kissing her]
That e'er our hearts shall make.

We really never heard such sweet and earnest love-passages as these delivered in a style so thoroughly phlegmatic. There was a monotony, also, in his tones, and a long drawing or dragging of the words, and stops and hitches in passages of the smoothest melody and most continuous meaning, that quite surprised and puzzled us in so accomplished a rhetorician and declaimer, so that we hardly knew him again, and almost doubted whether the man with the dark visage and Moorish garments was the same we had seen at Sadler's Wells as the accomplished Prince who gave those admirable instructions to the players, with which all actors are so familiar and which so few follow. *Othello*, in quelling the night brawl "on the court and guard of safety," exclaims:—

If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke.

Mr. Phelps here made "the lines labour," and "the words move slow," as if he had not quite made up his mind what he was about to say or do. He pointed and emphasized the passage thus:—

If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm—the best of you—
Shall sink—in my rebuke.

And when Cassio is dismissed, it is in this style:—

Cassio I love thee—
But never more be—officer of mine.

Nothing could possibly be tamer than Mr. Phelps's *Othello* during the first and second acts. His conception of the character was founded, we presume, on Iago's evidence to the calm magnanimity of the Moor:—

Can he be angry? I have seen the common
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm,
Puffed his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed if he be angry.

But a Moor may be a cool warrior and warm lover, and *Othello* was a man of strong passions, who loved not wisely but too well. An apparently calmer or less gallant lover under similar conditions than the *Othello* of the Surrey Theatre is never met with either in fiction or in real life. Mr. Phelps made several convulsive efforts to be energetic and impassioned in the later scenes, when he deemed it his cue to be terrific or pathetic, and in some few instances was successful, but the tragic feeling was too abrupt and irregular, not so continuously sustained as it ought to have been, nor always satisfactorily expressed. The performance was, upon the whole, sadly deficient in grace, force, and dignity, and when *Othello* should have given free vent to the tempest within him with lowering brows, and lightning glances, and tones of thunder, he stood shivering like a half-clad peasant in the street in winter, or like a man in a fit of the ague, or whimpering like an over-grown school boy, or playing fantastic

with his facial muscles until the impatient observers half inclined to exclaim with *Hamlet* to the player—
 "Begin murtherer;
 Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
 We should like to have seen in "the noble Moor" less prostration of soul—something more of the terrible than the noble—more of "the savage jealousy that sometimes savours of affection too much resembling a craven despair, altogether a bolder and more manly and more heroic bearing. In some instances the pity excited by his sufferings is a dash of contempt in it.

But let not Mr. Phelps be mortified at his failure as *Othello*. He can afford to fail sometimes. Was not John Kemble dead in a trying part? Did not even the versatile Garrick fail in *Othello*? Has any one actor that the world has yet seen been equally successful in all his parts? Mr. Creswick's *Iago*—was the gay villain, apparently cheerful, social, and frank—and thus the character he bore for many seemed not so egregiously misapplied from the very first as appears when the actor takes care to look the rogue. It is a correct reading of the part, and perhaps the best *Iago* we have seen in London for some time past. Mr. Creswick's *Iago* was distinct and forcible, but he was sometimes wrong in the emphasis as when he says that "though in the trade of the he had slain men, he held it very stiff of the conscience to be contrived murder"—it was absurd to lay the stress of voice on the last word instead of the penultimate—*contrived*. Mr. Jeffrey's *Roderigo* was earnest and lively. Mr. Vincent's *Iago* pretty good, though in the scene of intoxication we might wish him what was said of another Cassio, that he was not drunk in the legs. The drunkenness had a partial and assumed aspect. He was not drunk inside and out, and all over. Miss Pancefort's *Desdemona* wanted upon the whole both sweetness and dignity, but she delivered some passages with considerable effect. Her first speech before the senate respecting her divided duty between her father and her husband was earnest, distinct, and graceful. The evening's entertainment was enlivened by the really beautiful and surprising mimetic performances of M. Etouille and his three sons, and an amusing though extravagant parody of M. Bourcier's *Colleen Bawn*.

NEW MUSIC.

Galop from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera." By CHARLES COOTE, JUN. Hopwood and Crew.
 The original theme is here taken up with much mastery; it is run as it were under the inspiration of the moment; and forms a very some addition to the repertoire of the Pianoforte. There is an arrangement (a very useful one, of an accompaniment on the Cornet Bist.

If I had some one to love me. Halls. By FREDERIC BOCKLEY, translated by WILHELM KORN. (Pianoforte.) Hopwood and Crew.
 The well known and beautiful Ballad with the above title is here re-arranged for the Pianoforte in such a way as to preserve the pleasantness of the original composition and the fancy built upon are through quite original, in harmony with the text. *Tema* is especially worthy of praise.

And May. Ballad and Chorus. (As sung by the Christy's Minstrels.) We need only remark of this popular Ballad with its Chorus, that it is excellently arranged by M. E. Ransford.

Octoroon Quadrille. By CHARLES COOTE, JUN. Hopwood and Crew.
 This Quadrille does credit to the inventive faculty of Mr. Coote, who has here allied himself to all the busy characteristics of the man in the construction of his new Quadrille. There is a Cornet arrangement in A natural.—On the cover is a colored lithographic view of the "Stars and Stripes" scene.

Two-Step Ballad. Ballad. Sang by Mr. Wilson of the Christy Minstrels. Music by GEORGE BARKER. Hopwood and Crew.
 We welcome this lovely Ballad which has a tendency to inspire by practical sentiment both in music and words those feelings of tranquil complacency which the Country and the Country only can inspire.

Leopard Waltzes. Composed by C. COOTE, JUN. Hopwood and Crew.

Independently of any special name, these Waltzes must be admired for their easy and melodious flow: a kind of undulating rhythm, which by no means inconsistent with the surprising aerial efforts of the celebrated Frenchman of whom a striking portrait is given on the cover.

Boodie Polka. By CHARLES COOTE, Metzler and Co.
 Although the spirit of the polka is in conformity with the original, yet the composer, with his usual talent, has contrived to infuse original ideas which greatly add to the animation and brilliancy of the composition. A Cornet accompaniment in B flat is given separately. The frontispiece in chromolithography is singularly well done and tasteful.

The Octoroon Waltzes. Composed by T. BROWN. Metzler and Co.
 The chief feature of these waltzes is their expressiveness, independently of their assimilation in parts to the chain of dramatic incidents of the "Octoroon."

Mr. Brown has added to his laurels as a composer of Dance Music; but we hope he will not much longer withhold from public appreciation some of those charming Ballad compositions, which have hitherto by a strange perversity (we can use no other word) not been permitted to see the light.

The Ironclads. Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Composed by W. VINCENT WALLACE. Metzler and Co.

An exceedingly patriotic song is this composition to those equally regular effusions of the days gone by when "Hearts of Oak" were in the ascendant. Our ships are now it is true clad in "mail" as our men were; but the latter must be practically still permitted to retain their "hearts of oak!" The music is spirited and very happily married to the words of the song.

The Calm. Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by J. L. HATTON. Metzler and Co.
 This is a very agreeable descriptive song for a Baritone voice, or Mezzo Soprano; the words by Mr. Carpenter, and the music, scientifically scored, by Mr. J. L. Hatton.

Rosie, the Prairie Flower. Impromptu for Pianoforte. Composed by MADAME OURY. Metzler and Co.
 Very brilliant, and just different enough to attract and pique the attention of some fair executant.

Suzette, Valse de Salon. Composed by MADAME OURY. Metzler and Co.

This melodious aspect of "Sunshine" is a delightful idea and especially welcome during the fogs of mid-winter.

The music is completely in harmony with the feeling of tranquil happiness assumed by the title.

"Grace was in all her steps" says the poet on another subject—and a gracious presence is obvious in this captivating paraphrase of "Sunshine" from the first note to the last.

ARISTOCRATIC MANNERS IN PARIS.—Much has been said for the last two days of a drama of which an aristocratic religious boarding-school in the Faubourg, St. Germain was the theatre. Two young ladies were playing during the hours of recreation, when one struck the other in the face and knocked out one of her eyes. Her family was immediately apprised of the accident. The father came to the school, and after seeing his daughter he asked to see the young lady who had struck her. She came, when he drew up to her under his cloak, and put her into her face. The unfortunate girl is so gravely wounded that if she recovers she will be disfigured for life.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

(Continued from page 183.)

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Henry J. Byron has supplied the opening of the pantomime at this theatre, which is entitled "Whittington and his Cat; or, Harlequin King Kollywobol and the Genius of Good Humour." In the first scene King Rat (Mr. Collett) in his underground home is working his evil spells to the discomfiture of Dick Whittington (Miss Maria Harris), a good, straightforward lad, and, consequently, detested by the Rat King, who protects Bad Lot (Mr. Garden) the wicked apprentice, an underhand scoundrel, who shuns the light and does not know what honesty means. Good Humour (Miss Ellen Howard) enters and thwarts his plans by protecting Dick. The next scene represents a bower of roses, in which Robin Goodfellow (Master Haslem) is sent, in the likeness of a cat, to watch and protect Dick. The next is East-chap, with the exterior of Master Fitzwarren's shop, with Dick "courting" Miss Alice Fitzwarren (Miss Pauline Leclercq), to the disgust of Bad Lot, who accuses Dick of having purloined the canables and drinkables, which, in reality, have been taken by the cook, and given to her admirer, Bull's Eye (Mr. Morland), of the City Police. Fitzwarren kicks out Bad Lot, and gives Dick in charge. Dick, who has escaped from the police, is next discovered sleeping on the milestone at Highgate, where he hears the bells ring out that he is to be Lord Mayor of London. Bad Lot, who has tracked him, is about to kill him, when he is pounced upon by the cat. By the advice of Good Humour, Dick determines to try his luck in foreign lands, and starts with his favourite on a voyage of adventure to a distant region, where King Kollywobol (Mr. Catheart) is in a terrible state in consequence of his kingdom being undermined by rats, which have increased in quantity since the elevation of Bad Lot (who has been cast ashore from a wreck, and who has contrived to worm himself into a very high position) to the post of prime minister. Dick and his Cat are also wrecked and cast ashore, and Dick offers to rid the kingdom of the pest, at the price of the Princess Populopoli's (Miss Rose Leclercq) hand. The Rat King, however, "lays on" such an enormous supply of rats that the cat is overcome—Dick's hopes completely dashed, Dick starts, who goes, and the cat blown from a mortar, only to re-appear, however, unharmed—as Robin Goodfellow. Dick then marries the princess, Bad Lot informing the audience that his revenge will come when Alice Fitzwarren arrives by the next ship to look after her truant lover. The transformation scene follows.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Christmas novelty at this theatre is entitled "Cherry and Fairstar; or, Harlequin and the Singing Apple, the Talking Bird, and the Dancing Waters." The exordium, founded on the charming fairy tale by the Countess D'Aulnoy, is a complete extravaganza, and has been written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard. The opening scene is a moonlight staccato grotto, representing the study of Queen Mab, who is driven to despair by modern science: Hobgoblin, an overgrown elf, who has been sentenced to penal servitude in London, and has come back full of street songs, suggests that the Great Excitement itself should be called upon to produce a sensation. This is ultimately attained by a pantomime being proposed on a popular subject, and we next meet Cherry and Fairstar in their island home, where they have been brought up by a corsair, one Captain Kyd, who has of course profited by the jewels that are combed out of the young lady's hair. A shell that has been picked up on the sea shore whispers a hope to the desponding pair, who are growing tired of their island solitude, and, the spirit of the shell appearing, tells them, further, to embark in the golden galley, which is seen to float towards them over the sea, and obtain the knowledge of their parentage. They arrive at the court of King Whiteheart, Emperor of Bigaroonia, who is under the control of the Dowager Queen Blackheart, and who, by the advice of her wicked waiting woman, Feintise, has, eighteen years before, put the infant prince and his cousin into a storm-tossed boat that they might be drowned, and so leave her next heir to the crown. The arrival of the illustrious visitors to the court makes her suspect they are the same, and she invites Feintise to send Prince Cherry off on the most difficult of missions, that he may be exposed to new dangers. The dancing waters that give perpetual youth, the singing apple that improves the understanding, and the talking bird that can divulge the knowledge of their birth are the temptations held out, and for the sake of Fairstar the young prince readily undertakes to procure them. His adventures in the search for these rarities give rise to some singularly diverting incidents in the following scenes, and through the valley of the granite rocks he passes into the midst of the luminous forests, where he gets the waters, thence to the Libyan Desert, where the singing apple is obtained; and finally to the snow mountains, where the talking bird is met with. Here he is petrified with his follower by contact with the enchanted bird, but Fairstar comes to the rescue, charms the bird with a song, and the secret is about to be told when the Empress Blackheart arrives with her guard and is about to seize the victims of her cruelty when Queen Mab changes the scene to her brilliant Floral Home, and makes the lovers happy. The scenery is by Mr. C. James. The whole strength of the dramatic company is employed. Mr. Charles Fenton is Cherry, Miss Hudspeth Fairstar, and Mr. C. Seyton, the buccannering Captain Kyd. The comic scenes are full of allusions to the prevailing topics of the day, and the harlequinade will be supported by the Lauri family.

SURREY THEATRE.—The Christmas novelty at this house is entitled "Harlequin Hey Diddle Diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle; or, Oranges and Lemons and the Twelve Dancing Princesses." It is from the pen of Mr. Martin Datnall, and will be produced under the sole direction of Mr. Shepherd. The opening scene introduces us to the haunt of the demon Raftsmen, where certain evil spirits, having captured some diminutive subjects of Golden Star, Queen of the Oranges and Lemons (Miss Elizabeth Webster, sacrifice them to their demon idol, Punch). Pip, the favourite sprite of the Fairy Queen (Miss Fanny Johnstone), who has been captured with the others, contrived to escape the doom of his companions. The Fuselia Bower of the Fairy Queen, Golden Star, in the Gardens of Never-ending Bloom, painted by Mr. Charles Brow is one of the most gorgeous, brilliant, and costly scenes ever placed upon this stage. The harlequinade embraces all the bits of the year, supported by Harry Croneste as Clown, Mr. S. Saville as Harlequin, Mr. Gelene as Pantaloon, Miss Mazoni as Columbine, Mr. Wright as XXX, and the Continental artistes M. J. F. and Sons as Sprites.

ASKEW'S THEATRE.—The pantomime at this establishment is from the pen of Mr. Nelson Lee, and is founded on the

well-known story of "John Gilpin's Ride to Edmonton." The main incidents of the pantomime are brought about by the aid of one Nickola, the witch of Edmonton, who, in her hatred to Queen Mirth resolves to annoy and cause trouble to one Giles, who is in love with Dolly, the servant of Mrs. Gilpin, Queen Mirth resolving to protect the maid and her lover. The scene opens with the abode of Nickola, who summons all her agents to use their power to perplex Gilpin, and render his day of pleasure one of torment and misery, sending forth her imps to fret and tease Gilpin's horse, and protract the union of the lovers; in the course of which Johnny Gilpin's horse executes some wonderful tricks, urged by the demons of horse-flesh, thus depriving Gilpin of his day of enjoyment. But by means of the Fairy Mirth the witch makes his way to one Calender's, from which, by her magic, she transports them to her fairy home.

VICTORIA THEATRE.—The pantomime here is called "Harlequin Crystal and the Demon Ogre of the Plains; or, Silver Star, the Good Fairy of the Coral Grotto at the Bottom of the Sea." It is written by Mr. Edward Towers and Mr. Henry F. Saville. The first scene opens in the Abode of Evil or Gulf of Despondency; the grand transformation scene is from the Coral Grotto to the interminable Provinces of Gems and Jewels beneath the Sea, by Mr. Julian Hicks, by whom all the scenes in the opening are painted. Comic business under the direction of Mr. J. Cohen. Clown, Mr. Green; Pantaloon, Mr. Paul Herring; Harlequin, Mr. Welsh; Columbine, Miss Laurie.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.
SET TO THE "NATIONAL ANTHEM."

To the scared heart and torn—
 To those who deeply moan,
 Life's closing day.
 Here with a healing wing,
 Jesus is journeying,
 All the bright seraphim
 Lighting the way.

Lord, by thy mighty power,
 Keep in this trying hour,
 Safely the Queen,
 Save her from future harm,
 Keep her from war's alarm,
 By thine Almight arm
 Hold up our Queen.

Let faith her comfort yield,
 Be thou her rock and shield,
 And her firm trust,
 May the two hands allied
 All angry passions hide,
 With this Queen's joy and pride,
 Low in the dust.

Lord, from thy throne above,
 Look down with pitying love
 On all her race.
 Now, in their deep distress,
 Deign every child to bless—
 God of the fatherless,
 Hide not thy face.

Oh, England's mourning sons,
 Turn down your pointed guns
 Bad clamour cease;
 Wrap every sword in sheath,
 Twine each a cypress wreath,
 Lay him we loved beneath,
 Where all is peace.

Over his honoured bier
 Let us with chastened fear,
 Bow to the sod;
 And while we haste the day,
 That bore our sins away,
 Ery from the heart to say—
 "The Lord, He is God!"

Dricton.

THE FORTRESS OF MESSINA.

The citadel of Messina, an engraving of which we present to the reader on page 189, is built on the western side of the harbour of Messina, at the head of a long curved tongue of land, projecting north-east from the mainland, and then bending westward in the form of a sickle, whence its ancient Greek name. As seen in our illustration, the citadel of Messina is situated in no very high or commanding position; but the place is nevertheless very strong, owing to the difficulty of approach in all directions, and the impossibility of taking it otherwise than by a combined land and sea force. It was thus that the citadel of Messina remained in the hands of the royal troops even after the town had fallen; the commander, General Fergola, refusing all summonses for surrender. These summonses were not accompanied by any considerable show of force, as long as Gaeta occupied the national army; but the latter once fallen, the city of Messina was immediately closely invested by General Cialdini. General Fergola's resolution to resist to the last then suddenly terminated with a precipitate surrender. On the 12th of March orders were sent from the ex-King of Naples to Messina, telling the garrison to surrender. The capitulation, however, took place before the orders left Rome; so that the last royal act of Francis II., like every other act in his ill-fated reign, was performed too late to be of service.

GAMBLING AT SEA.—The official returns of the gaming-houses of Spa, for 1858, give the following results:—Roulette: Gains, 405,558*l.*; losses, 55,837*l.*; profit, 439,419*l.* Rouge et Noir: Gains, 694,905*l.*; losses, 360,938*l.*; profits, 333,612*l.* It hence appears that roulette is the most profitable. One curious item in the returns is, "Profit on changing foreign money, 284,092*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*" To gain such an amount immense sums must have been exchanged, and at pretty high rates, too.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES IN PARIS.—Benefit societies among workmen are on the increase in Paris, 209 new ones with 25,000 fresh members marking progress during the year; the fund in hand has augmented by two million and a half francs; the aggregate capital of these associations (for relief during casual sickness) is over twenty-five million francs. The *Moniteur* puts forward these matters as indicating a preference for self-reliance and mutual aid to dependence on alms.

The *Victoria* (British Columbia) *Times* states that from the commencement of the present season down to the last dates the yield of gold diggings in the upper country averaged over 70,000 dollars per week.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE.—The *Moniteur* announces that the Emperor on the 1st January will receive at the Tuileries, at one o'clock, the Diplomatic Body, the Constituted Bodies, and the civil authorities, and at the same hour on the 2nd the officers of the National Guard and of the army. The Emperor and Empress will on the 2nd receive, at nine in the evening, the ladies of the Diplomatic Body, and such others as have been already presented to their Majesties. The ladies may be accompanied by their husbands. The ladies must wear Court dresses, and the gentlemen be either in uniform or Court dress. The Court mourning will be suspended for the receptions of the 1st and 2nd January.

THE WRECK OF THE NORTH BRITON.—The hull of the steamer North Briton, stranded on Parroquet Reef on the 5th November, it is reported, would lie in safety for the winter; she had hunched up, and would be sheltered. The mainmast had gone. About 900 barrels of butter, and a quantity of wheat and pork had been landed, not damaged. A quantity of flour had been saved in a damaged state, and sold. A great part of the cargo it is expected would be saved.

THE LATE PRUSSIAN MINISTER IN PARIS.—M. Pourtales, the Prussian Minister, whose sudden death the telegraph has reported, was only thirty-four years old. He dropped down in an apoplectic fit, on the stairs as he was going, as five on Wednesday evening, and died in a few minutes.

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR CANADA.

THE embarkation of the first portion of the troops appointed to leave for service in Canada took place on the afternoon of the 19th inst. Previous to their arrival the Adriatic and the Parana were inspected by Col. Somerset, accompanied by Capt. Patey, R. N., the Admiralty Superintendent of Southampton, and other officers. They have been completely fitted for officers and men, coaled, and supplied with water, &c., and an immense quantity of stores shipped, including three months' provisions for both troops and crew. Shortly after three o'clock a special train arrived from Woolwich, bringing the No. 4 battery, 10th brigade, Royal Artillery, and also the 1st battalion Military Train. They were met at the terminus by the fine band of the 2nd Hants (Southampton) Rifle Volunteers, and as soon as the Artillery had formed in marching order they proceeded from the station to the docks, the bands at their head, and marched direct on board the Adriatic steamer. The band immediately returned to the terminus, and paid a similar fraternal compliment to the Military Train. The battery of artillery is under the command of Captain R. P. Gabbett, the other officers being

Captain H. S. Elliot, Lieutenants W. H. King Harman, G. A. French, and E. Bradley. Assistant-Surgeon F. R. Hogg, with seven sergeants, four corporals, two trumpeters, and 100 gunners. The Military Train consists of 300 non-commissioned officers and men, under command of Major Hill, the other officers being Major Johns, Captains Buller and Harris; Lieutenants Lane, Williams, Clarke, Benthall, and Roberts; Ensigns Crawford and Winckworth, Lieut. and Adjutant Cummin, Paymaster Bryson, Quartermaster Mitchell, and Surgeon Fox, with two staff clerks. The whole of the troops marched direct on board the steamer, and were all safely housed within half-an-hour after their arrival in the docks. Thousands of people were assembled on the quays, who enthusiastically cheered the troops as they passed along. The 18th company Royal Engineers, 120 in number, also arrived in two divisions, and embarked on board the Parana, which was lying at another part of the docks. The first party, consisting of fifty-three men, under Lieutenant Heriot Maitland, arrived from Chatham, about half-past one, and the other, comprising sixty-seven men, commanded by Captain Edward Osborne Hewitt, with Lieutenants Tovey and Sievwright, arrived from Portsmouth about three o'clock.

On the morning of the 19th the First Battalion of the Grenadier Guards (under the command of Lord Fred. Paulet), and of the Second Battalion of Fusilier Guards, commanded by Colonel Percy, paraded about seven o'clock in front of the barracks, in heavy marching order, and there was not a man absent. The bands of each battalion were not present, in consequence of the melancholy death of the Prince Consort. The whole body started about eight o'clock for the Waterloo-station of the South Western Railway, Waterloo-road, where trains were in waiting for their conveyance to Southampton, at which port the Adriatic and Parana, merchant ships, were prepared for their reception to convey them to Canada. There was much enthusiasm displayed by the battalions of each regiment, who were loudly cheered all the way to the railway station. The wives, children, and relatives of the men accompanied them to the station.

The steamer Adriatic, with about 72 officers and 1,300 non-commissioned officers and privates of the Grenadier Guards, and the Parana, with about 1,000 men and officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards and 18th Royal Engineers, left the docks about two o'clock in the afternoon, and anchored in the river. Both vessels sailed next day for Canada.



OLD CHRISTMAS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A letter from Posen states that the Princess Czartoriski, widow of Prince Adam Czartoriski, has requested permission from the King of Prussia to fix her residence in the province of Posen, being desirous of spending the remainder of her life near her daughter.

DEATH OF MADAME RISTORI'S HUSBAND.—The Marquis de Grillo, the husband of Ristori, is dead. The artist was performing at Weisbaden when she received the news of his death, which occurred in Florence.

In the village of Laas, district of Schlander, in the Tyrol, a fire has destroyed seventy houses and their dependencies. Nearly 200 families are without shelter. The loss is estimated at 45,000*l*.

JUST SEVERITY.—MALTA, Dec. 13.—The Trident has arrived here. Commander G. B. Nicolas, of this vessel, was tried by court-martial on the 11th inst., on board her Majesty's receiving-ship Hibernia, for cruelty, in excessive punishment of two boys of the crew for breaking their leave at Gibraltar. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be dismissed the service with disgrace.

THE HOLLY AND THE MISTLETOE.—It is well known, of course, that the boughs and leaves of these plants are used to decorate houses at Christmas, but perhaps people in general are not aware of the origin of the custom. The holly was dedicated to Saturn, and as the *fetes* of that deity were celebrated in December, and the Romans were accustomed to decorate their houses with holly, the early Christians followed the example, while they were celebrating their festival at Christmas, in order to escape observation. The mistletoe was dedicated to Friga, the Venus of the Scandinavians, and as she was the goddess of love, it was formerly the custom to kiss under that plant.

LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER.

CHAPTER XXII

HEDRICK HARGRAVES' NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

I must go back a little in my history. I have said I had little consideration for Sir Harold Anwold. I looked upon him as a man who had fallen in the toils of a miserably sinful woman, by allowing his vanity to have full sway over him. I despised him, and when we feel contempt for a man, I am afraid we exhibit little delicacy in the mode in which we treat him.

So far part of the work I had set myself to do was done. Lady Falconridge was once more herself. Day followed day, and she did not waver. Within three days of her recovery I essayed her power to endure a retrospection of the past. My heart beat wildly as I framed my determination in words. I feared she might once more wander if I asked her whether she could remember any of the circumstances of the last few weeks. The grateful smile she gave me in return was a glorious answer to my inquiry.

"Hedrick," she said, "I meant to speak to you this very day about my late dreamy condition."

"You are not afraid to contemplate it?"

"Afraid—no," Lady Falconridge answered, smiling; "no more than I should have any fear in looking back at any other illness."

I felt she was safe—I felt Lady Falconridge had been rescued from the darkness of a clouded brain; yet I could not

resist the desire of still further testing her reason, so I said—"Lady Falconridge, will you see and speak with Lady Elfrida Anwold?"

But for a moment she hesitated, and then she answered—"It will be useless to see her, but I will do so, Hedrick, whenever you think fit."

"Now?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, and her eyes were as steady and her face as firmly set as my own.

"No, dear mama, do not," said Constance, clinging to her mother.

"My dear," said Lady Falconridge, "it is my duty to see Lady Elfrida, and I will."

"Very well, mama," said Constance in reply, and I think never in my life did filial obedience so utterly delight me as when I saw Constance Falconridge utterly yield herself once more up to the direction of her natural protector—her mother.

"You will take great care of mama," says Constance to me, and even under those agitating circumstances I noted that Constance used a kind of imperious tone towards me which seemed to intimate that I must regard her every wish as a command.

"I can take care of myself," said Lady Falconridge; "let us go and visit Elfrida at once—she may be more just than we think her."

"Visit Elfrida?" said Constance, aghast.

"Yes—why not, my dear?" asked Lady Falconridge.

She was infinitely firmer and more confident than Constance, upon whom of late she had so much relied. As for me, as I saw before me once more a sentient being, and as I remembered that it was my thought which had restored her reason to that accurate perception of passing events, without which sanity appears so much like madness.

We were soon on our way to Ravelin—for truth to speak, it did seem like visiting at another house, and not a part of the castle itself.

"It is a strange feeling—this of knocking at my own door, and asking permission to pass my own threshold. If Ravelin had been my husband's property, in the first place it would have been hard to endure; but in reality Ravelin has been in the possession of my people for several hundreds of years."

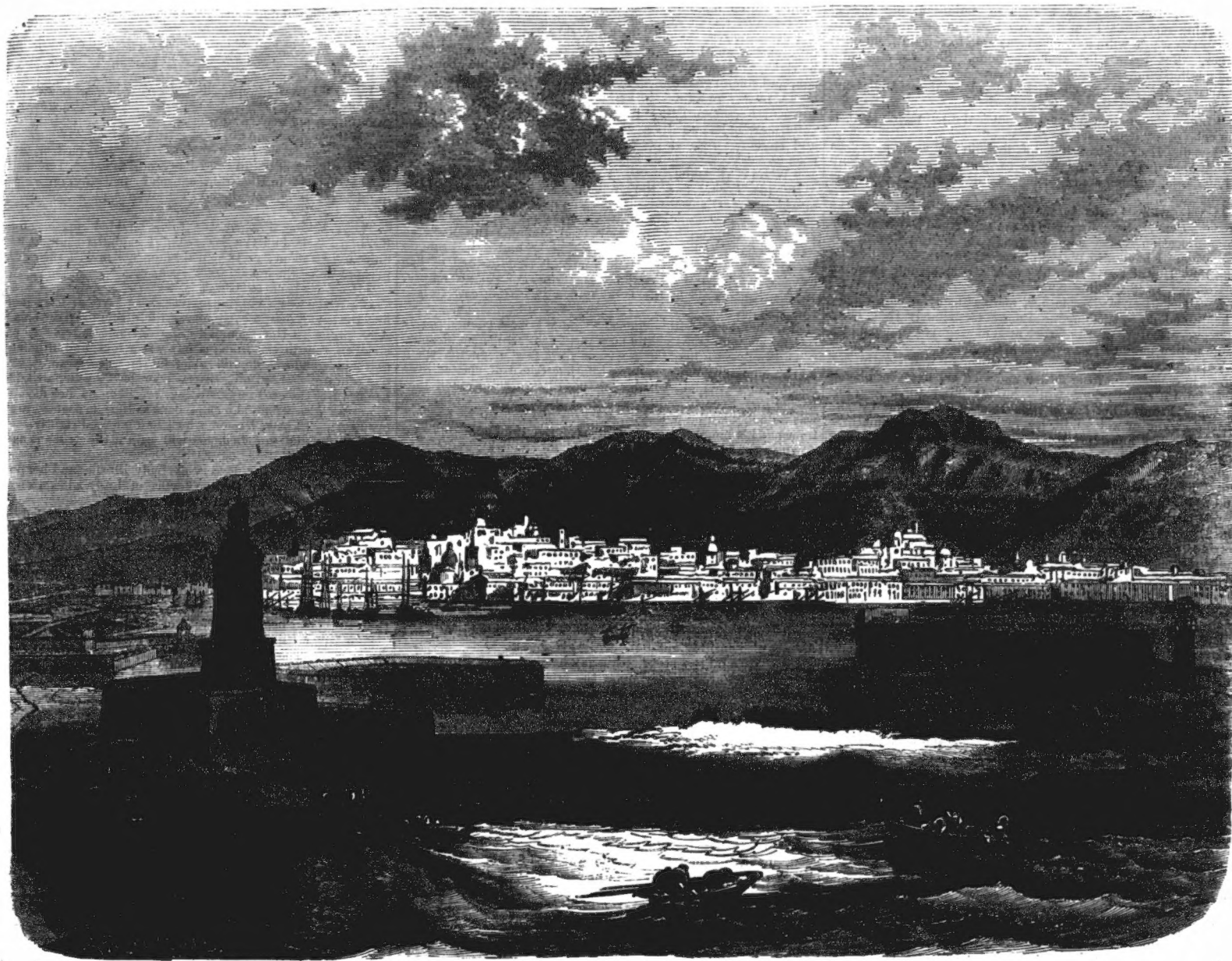
Lady Falconridge was still calm, and almost as self-possessed as she had ever been, though it must be confessed she never could have been called a very self-possessed woman.

Like strangers, we sent in our cards, and waited for a reply to them in a little morning room into which the servant had shown us.

I confess I did not think she would see us. I must also confess that I was singularly wrong in my belief. She not only saw us, she came to us in that little morning room.

"Good morning, Lady Falconridge; good morning, Mr."—looking at my card, as though she had never seen me before—"Mr. Hargraves."

I watched her face narrowly. I saw that she had learnt all



THE FORTRESS AND TOWN OF MESSINA.

the particulars, as far as they were known, of Lady Falconridge's recovery, but I remarked also that she was unprepared to find Lady Falconridge's recovery so thorough and indisputable as it appeared.

"I am very busy," she commenced, "for I am remodelling Ravelin. It will be the most exquisite place in this riding, or the county, when it is complete. I am so busy that I cannot spare you more than five seconds." Then she suddenly added, in a voice which all her art could not prevent being cruel and bitter—"What do you want?"

"I will tell you," I said, in a voice of ridiculous grandeur. "I do not speak to you," she continued. "I am addressing my aunt, Lady Falconridge—what do you want?"

"And I am answering for Lady Falconridge," I said, quietly removing a glove and arranging the fingers.

"Bah," she returned; "this is some juggling. If you Lady Falconridge are of the world, please to explain the reason of this visit."

I saw her eyes bent cruelly upon Lady Falconridge. I felt her intention. She was trying my poor patient—seeing whether the appeal to her reason to comprehend the reality of physical things about her would act upon her detrimentally. I had no cause to tremble. Lady Falconridge met the look without trembling; nay, she actually smiled. Lady Elfrida was cursed with the gift of an unblushing face, but I saw her countenance change as her aunt met her cruel hard look. I can hardly explain the mutation which came upon her features,

but perhaps I may best describe it by saying it was as though a black cloud had passed over her face, and left part of its shadows upon it.

"What do I want?" said Lady Falconridge; "I want to bring you to reason."

The words were said in all simplicity; but if frank Lady Falconridge had sought through the language for a more fitting phrase with which to answer her niece, she could not have found one better than that formed of these few words.

I saw the effect light up Elfrida's countenance with a lurid light. To most people no change would have been perceptible—to me that change was awful. It said—"She, she for whose intellect I have felt such contempt—she, over whose mind I have exercised such control, actually imagines she is directing me."

She did not give her thoughts a worded shape. She tried to hide that baneful light in her eyes with a smile, which would have been winning in the eyes of most men, which in mine added to her repulsiveness.

"In other words, aunt," she said, "you want Ravelin."

"I do, indeed," said Lady Falconridge, looking round the room with that longing, heart-breaking expression one sometimes sees upon the face of a man grieving for a lost mother.

"Would you ask me for my life?" continued the terrible woman.

"Your life is not mine—Ravelin is," answered Lady Falconridge.

"Ravelin is not," she said, striking her hand so fiercely on the edge of a marble table that I saw her white hand start with a vivid red where it had touched the table, and then gradually turn of a deep purple. "Ravelin is not. I claimed Ravelin by law. I hold it by law, and by law I mean to keep it."

"But think of the injustice of keeping my own house from me," said Lady Falconridge.

"I think only of the truth. Lord George Falconridge willed it from you and Constance, should either of you exhibit symptoms of madness; these symptoms you have exhibited, and the law takes its course."

"Pardon me," I said, quite calmly. "You are taking for granted that which is not proved. Has the law accepted the evidence of Lady Falconridge's insanity? You see I use that word, and Lady Falconridge does not tremble."

"Yes; the law has the two certificates."

"I pointed out to you how little value they possessed," I added, "when I wrote to you."

"Your information was as valueless as your letter," Lady Elfrida answered imperiously.

"But my dear Elfrida," Lady Falconridge was crying when I stopped her. Somehow there seemed such an assured interchange of confidence between me and Constance that I felt it my right to prevent her mother from placing herself in the apparent position of coaxing her miserable niece. That word, "dear," was the only expression used by Lady

Falconridge that was not perfectly dignified and calm in this shameful interview with Lady Harold Anwold.

"You seem to have Lady Falconridge under control," she said to me; "are you her keeper?"

"Only the keeper of her honour," I said, in courteous tones. I saw my bolt struck home, though the effect upon that beautiful mask of a face was so slight that I not been watching for it I could have seen no change in her features.

Suddenly she rose.

"I beg you to leave my house. I am here by the strength of the law. I will only quit it by the same power. You ask me for Ravelin. I will not give it you any more than I would give you my life if you asked for it. I have made this place a palace, and I will keep it."

I saw she spoke the truth. I saw she was as fearless as a wounded tigress. I knew that she would fight, defy, and wound an enemy while she had the power to breathe, and I, therefore, had this advantage. I knew the forces of my opponent, for the result of this visit, as it affected myself, was to move me to continue the war with Lady Elfrida Anwold. I had done part of my work. I would conclude it.

"Come, Lady Falconridge," I said, rising; "you lost caste by remaining in this palace, and even in the presence of the reigning princess."

Lady Falconridge rose, and leaning on my arm as confidently as though, indeed, it was that of her son, she bowed slightly towards Elfrida, and as though to a brutal inferior, and said, "good day" in a tone so immeasurably full of shrinking pity that I hardly know how the proud woman to whom the words were addressed was able to refrain from open anger. But Lady Elfrida showed none. She was still calm and smiling when we reached the door.

Arrived at the threshold I turned and said lightly, "War?"

"War," she answered in a soft musical tone which seemed the echo of my own voice.

That day Lady Falconridge left Ravelin and went to Pelton—that very day I set the lawyers to work, though, as I think I have said, nothing could actively be done till the following November.

It was while I was in the midst of my work with the lawyers that M. Herman came to me and made the wonderful communication which I have already set in its place in this narrative. I have also placed on record my vague ill-formed idea that Herman was not the son of the Duke and Duchess of Kœrnac, an idea founded on the contemplation of portraits of his alleged father and mother, and the exercise of a theory I held, and do to this day hold more tenaciously than ever, that every feature of the father and mother is produced in a combination more or less evident in the child.

This idea struck me not because Herman was totally different in complexion from father and mother, they both being German in complexion, while he appeared to belong to southern France, but I was possessed of my belief by the absolute want of any similarity between the two miniatures and the artist himself. I can comprehend a fair man and woman having a dark-complexioned child born to them, though I confess I should regard the birth as a phenomenon, but I cannot believe in a man being the offspring of a mother and father with whom he has no organic resemblance. Between Herman and those portraits were no signs of similarity, the Duke and Duchess both had delicate, even weak chins—Herman a strong and very determined one. The former had more or less very soft eyes—Herman's burnt with more than southern fire. The lips of the reputed mother were, though full, eminently aristocratic—the father's lips were cruelly aristocratic. Well—Herman's lips were the most beautiful lips of the people, strong, full, clear cut, and generous.

I took my determination. I would go to Kœrnac, see both duke and duchess, and, meanwhile, hope for the best.

Within a week from the departure of Lady Falconridge for Pelton I had left Yorkshire, and was in London on my way to Brittany. I had matured my plans and come to an unshakable determination. I felt sure that Lady Elfrida Anwold was prepared to meet as; opposition that she foresaw, and would grandly fight for it; but I doubted whether she would be able to meet an unexpected and overwhelming difficulty—one which she had never contemplated, and yet upon which rested the entire superstructure of her defiance. She lived for the world, which she loved to awe—then the means to overpower her would be to attack her through the world. Appeal to her honour, and she despises you; threaten her with the contempt of society, and if you could show pretty clearly that the threat would not criminate with its expression and you had her at your mercy. This was my firm belief. How true it was, and what were its consequences, will be seen.

I had several interviews with the artist, Herman, before he finally disappeared from Ravelin, which he did without any intimation that he was leaving. However, I attached little significance to this sudden departure, for the expressions he used towards me at our last interview had convinced me that he was about to leave the neighbourhood; and, indeed, to such an extent had I persuaded myself of this, that I remember I was not astonished when he left the town without informing me that he was about to leave Yorkshire. During these interviews I learnt all the particulars of that marriage, the most romantic and apparently impossible of which I had ever heard, or even of which I had read. Before those interviews were terminated, I had thoroughly come to the conclusion that Herman himself had never had the least idea that he might not be the son of the Duke and Duchess de Kœrnac, and, therefore, the inference was that Elfrida was equally without suspicion of what I felt might, with great probability, be the truth. I am aware that the basis of my belief was as shadowy as a dream, but most inadvertently, and therefore the words were the more valuable. However, himself had strengthened that creed by lightly saying that he and his father and mother had never been much in connection, and that they were equally a restraint upon each other. For, concurrent with my belief in the hereditary descent of physical organism, I adhere to the theory, that mental, moral, and immoral qualities are equally conferred upon the offspring; and though these mental, moral, and immoral qualifications are still more inscrutable in their combinations of the minds of the father and mother, still it seems to me that the theory must hold as thoroughly as it does in the case of a mulatto, whose mental and moral qualities lean as equally to father and mother as do his flesh and blood.

I had made up my mind I would candidly tell the duke and duchess my belief. If I were wrong it did them no wrong, and

the act would only lead to the belief that I was insane. I was therefore prepared for failure. Indeed, I was more prepared for it than for success. The power success would give me, I felt would be so immense that I could not comprehend its limits. If I could go to Lady Elfrida to say to her: Either restore Ravelin by your own will, or I will wrest it from you by declaring you to the world as a bigamist, I felt that I should conquer her. She could meet me on any point, she saw; she could not encounter me on one to which she was blind.

The mail which took me down to Folkestone, seemed to drag along at a snail's pace. I do believe that I lived an actual month in those three or four days, which it took me to travel from Yorkshire into the very heart of rural Brittany.

When I reached Kœrnac it was evening—a sweet summer evening, and the scent of the newly mown hay was on the air.

My landlord—the energetic innkeeper to whom I was introduced by my equally energetic postillion was very earnest to tell me all about the duke and duchess; but he was a real French social jesuit, and though he chattered, all through my dinner, about the "family," I knew little more of the duke and duchess than I did before I had swallowed the first spoonful of soup. I learnt, however, that the duke and duchess were very pious and charitable—"Ah, Heaven, yes," said the innkeeper, "madame la duchesse goes much—much, like an angel, as she is, and monsieur the duke, the poor old brave, he was much broken down; but, what would I?—youth would be youth, and the blessed Virgin was always *là*." Here the innkeeper raised his hand, with a bottle of seltzer in it towards the ceiling.

I drew my own conclusions from this round about style of information, and I came to the conclusion, which happened to be right, that the duke and duchess were in trouble about the son, and sought that consolation which is happily open to all of us, prayer and good works.

Could I see monsieur le duc and madame la duchesse.

"By example," said the innkeeper, "sacré bleu, monsieur and madame were as open as the day, and as easy to be seen as the good son—his faith."

"When?" I asked.

By his faith, said the innkeeper, at all times—times of bed and meal excepted—they had the good hand also: for example, when Madame Bobo's cow died, Madame Bobo nearly required the priest herself, and madame the duchess gave her hand to good madame Bobo, who had a bad tongue though, and 'twas a pity she had not lost that instead of her cow—and the hand of madame the duchess was not empty. In fact, by his faith, the hand had a beautiful cow in it—that was, so to speak.

Ha, thought I, these nobles are simple honest people, grieving for the son, and I shall know the truth from them at once.

The innkeeper had left the room for a few moments, when he came bustling back, making all that frightful clatter over nothing at all, which, I believe, is peculiar to the French innkeeper and French waiter, and said to me—by his face—he was a doubly stupid pig—yes, certes, a double—for he had not informed his honoured guest that madame the duchess came down to the blessed church, St. Roch, all the Wednesdays, to weep, and that, without doubt, the dear angel was praying before the heaven-given shrine at that moment.

I left the house at once and went down to the church, one of those humble, picturesque, old churches in which Northern France abounds. The sacred lamps were twinkling in several little chapels, and the soft voices of the Breton choristers came floating on the sweet night air.

I could not go in. For though I knew I was doing a holy duty myself, though I knew that the truth was on my side, though I was aware that, if my hope was not false, that with her or the duke rested untruth, still I could not enter and see praying the woman whom I was about to attempt to trap, if I did not also entirely entangle her.

I sat down on the steps, leant my head against the quaint door-post, let my eyes rest upon the steps, worn all aslant by the feet of many worshippers through many hundred years, and so stayed with my hands clasped till a cheerful chattering couple of women passed me.

I wished them good evening and stood up. The cheerfulness and candour of prayer was upon them (I smelt the frankincense as I stood near them), and so they were unguarded, and readily answered my inquiries.

"Yes, madame, the duchess was within the church—on her knees, deep, deep on her knees in the family chapel. Did I know her? No! Ah, that was a pity; for it was good to know the duchess. What—the duchess very sad? If you, monsieur, had a son who was a bad subject, a son to break the hearts of the poor father and mother, would not you be sorry?"

"True," I said.

"Had monster sons?" asked the leader of the two women, who completely stopped the other whenever she attempted to make a remark.

I shook my head, and something I suppose in my face touched the poor woman with the cheerfulness and the grace of prayer upon her, for she stretched her hand, and took mine, and said, "Thou art desolate."

She stopped for a moment, and she said—pointing to the church-door—"Go thou, and comfort her, my brother."

I—I kissed the poor peasant's hand, and entered the church, and I trust not one of my readers will condemn me because though not in the church of my own faith, I raised my hat, and felt I was in one of His Almighty houses.

The perfume of this frankincense was still sweet in the air—the dim blue smoke was still clinging to the fretwork of the low roof, and the echo of the soft Breton voices was still ringing in my ears.

I looked round.

What, that poor woman, low on the ground, her hands covering her face, and above them the gray hair, is this the Duchess of Kœrnac? If so, this praying, supplicating, troubled woman she would I would *entrapp*. No! no! not even in the sacred cause of truth. God save me! God save me! and let me be honest with her.

I could not wait—I could not wait. I had entrapped this lady in my thought. I must be hurried in my openness. I went up to her and touched her on the arm.

She did not feel my hand at first. I suppose I touched her as lightly as a young mother her first child when sleeping. At the second summons she turned round. She flinched for a moment, but seeing me hat in hand, head-stooped, and I do hope tears in my eyes, she smiled and said, "my poor dear monsieur, what would you?"

In the first words I used I unburdened myself. I felt it would be infamous to stand there and keep my secret.

"Lady," I said, "I came here to deceive you."

"To deceive me," she answered, "why?"

"For a good end."

She hesitated, then rose from her knees.

She looked minutely at me for a few moments; then she said, "I will trust thee, my son."

The endearing word "thee," which we have ceased to use in England, and which seems to draw a French household so closely together—this endearing word, I say, smote me by its kindness; but when she added in a plaintive tone—"my son," the term so frequently used by aged Frenchmen and women to men who are younger than themselves, I felt ready to kneel down, and pray her forgiveness. Where was my intellect here? God knows—I know not. But I thank Heaven I let my emotions lead me away.

"Come," she said, "sit down, and tell me all, my son. Thou hast seen trouble?"

"Yes, and you also, lady."

"Say then if thou wilt," says the poor duchess.

"Thou hast seen trouble also, lady."

"Ah, my dear, much, very much. Tell me—how wouldst thou have deceived me, for thou hast an open face?"

"Madam," I began, "I have a certain duty to perform, and I hope to do it—through your son."

She trembled as I sat beside her in the *prie-dieu* to which she had pointed, and as my hand rested in her's, she trembled. Then she started and her face was full of hope as she sat in that dim church.

"Will the good act thou wouldst do depend on his being my son?"

"No."

I said the word mournfully, and as I spoke her head fell upon her breast. I felt that if I had said "yes," she would have fallen upon my neck and wept.

"Wilt thou tell me all," she cried—"all, all."

And I did. As I live I told her all. Just as Herman told me the history of his life and Lady Elfrida's, too, I repeated it to the duchess in that dim church in Brittany, on which the night was falling. As I spoke I saw the shadows gather on her face.

Then, having finished the tale, I added my confession. "When I looked at the portraits," I said, "I thought he was quite unlike them; and then, I know not how, I thought that perhaps he might not be your—your son."

"Holy Mother of God!"

I hear the words ringing in my ears as I write; they sounded like the cry of one in extremity of life. She fell; did this poor lady prone to the ground? She did not move. I, panic-stricken, ran to the Roman holy water font, and dipping my two hands and my handkerchief in the water, ran, leaving a line of water behind me, to the poor lady's side, and, lifting her up, laid the cold and dripping wet linen on her face. Oh, the moan with which she came back to life; it seemed to smite my heart. I knew, I knew why I had guessed rightly.

"Tell me, tell me what you will gain if the truth is as you hope it is."

Then I told her the history of Lady Elfrida and her powerful ambition—of Lord George's will—of Lady Elfrida's seizure of Ravelin—of my will to hunt her down.

"It was a miracle, it was a miracle," the poor lady continued to say, rocking herself backwards and forwards on the ground—"when you thought he was not my son, it was a miracle vouchsafed to us."

"No, no," I cried; "it was but my own reasoning."

"And what is reason, if not God?" she cried, still rocking on the floor; but it seemed to me that there was less anguish than there had been in the tone of her voice.

Poor lady; I may put her wretched humble confession in a few words. The duke had grown weary waiting for a family, and, indeed, he was sinking into the grave from a disease which is now being recognised by science as claiming its percentage of the world's people—"the want of home ties"—when he learnt the news that he would in all human probability be a father. The good news had such an effect that the seeds of consumption which had appeared in him were destroyed, and he regained his health. Consequently, when the child that was born died after three days of life, the poor duchess, distracted more for her husband's loss than her own, listened to a nurse's counsels, which were absolutely supported by a doctor, and the dead dead child was replaced in a peasant's living son. The duke had never learnt the truth, and the boy had been brought up as the heir to the title. The youth, however, had never shown much affinity to the state in which it was supposed to all but some half dozen people he had been born, and when he reached adolescence, and was sent to Paris to study law, he had taken to evil courses, and lived a wild life, his expenses being chiefly met by painting, in which he was a sufficient proficient to gain a considerable income—for Paris. The Duke of Kœrnac was far from a rich man.

The news of his supposed son's brutal extravagances had deeply crushed the duke; and oh, concluded the duchess, "the cup of my wicked bitterness was full when my husband said—it is now two months ago—I wish I had never had a child." I have come down here to pray the good God to guide me, and he has sent thee, and I will pray for thee in life and in death. I have learnt, as I have been talking to thee, that I should never have flown at Heaven's decree, in hiding my child's death from my husband, and that in *adulterating all we shall gain that peace which surpasseth all understanding*."

"Thou wilt not make the secret public?" I said.

"As thou wilt," she answered. "Thou hast saved—thou shalt guide me."

"Then thou wilt hide thy secret, lady, from all but the duke." "From all, till thou sayest otherwise, my son. Thou wilt not leave me yet; thou wilt sleep beneath my roof."

It was hard to refuse, but I did. I could not wait a day, an hour, before I began my new battle with Lady Elfrida Anwold. Now, either she should give up Ravelin, or be the talk of the whole land.

She had repudiated her marriage with Armand Kœrnac (generally known as the artist Herman), upon the ground that he was married under twenty-five without the consent of his parents, whereas, in reality, that marriage was perfectly legal, for he was an orphan, and had been from his earliest years, he being a posthumous child, and his mother dying before he had attained the first anniversary of his birth-day.

Would she defy me now?

(*Th he continued in our next.*)